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ANCIENT GEMS IN MODERN SETTINGS

BEING VERSIONS OF THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY IN ENGLISH RHYME
BY VARIOUS WRITERS

EDITED BY

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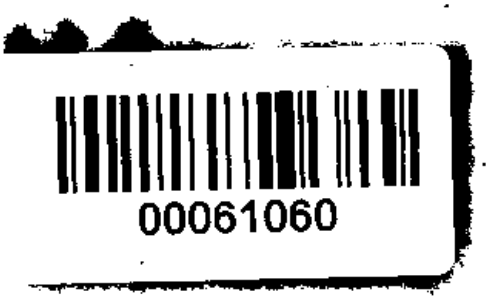
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B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET
HENRY FROWDE
LONDON, NEW YORK, TORONTO, MELBOURNE
AND BOMBAY
1913

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OXFORD: HORACE HART M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

PREFACE

TO any one who would know the principle on which this selection of versions from the Greek Anthology has been made, I may say that it has been quite simple: I have chosen those versions which I like.

It had been my original intention to publish merely a number of translations which I had myself made at various times in recent years; but when I came to consider how feeble a presentment of the beauties of the Anthology must be given by the work of a single translator, I determined to make a collection of all the English metrical versions which seemed likely to appeal to the modern world, and merely to use such of my own as were passable reproductions of epigrams and lyrics which others had not translated, or such as, in a few instances, I preferred to other translations already published. It is proverbially difficult to judge of one's own work; and, if I have in some cases preferred my own children to the more beautiful

offspring of others, I hope I shall be pardoned for a display of peculiarly human weakness in the editing of peculiarly human literature.

As to the rendering of the Greek, I have myself chosen the most simple style and language, and have abided in most instances as closely as possible to the literal translation of the originals. Others have not always followed this plan; but have nevertheless produced versions which come nearer than any literal translation to the spirit of the Greek.

In making this collection I have had in my mind rather those of my countrymen who have either forgotten much of their Greek, or, may be, have never learnt that language, than the scholar who can translate without difficulty the original poems. I have tried to make the volume interesting and pleasant to those who do not know even a word of Greek, but are appreciative of poetry. Thus I have not printed the Greek originals, but have added a contents list and indexes which will enable any reader to have recourse to them in the well-known texts.

I am not conscious of having been animated by

a missionary spirit; but I should, I confess, be glad if this volume did something towards making others besides myself impatient of that shortsightedness which advocates changes in curriculum such as would make Greek a rare study in the higher education of this country.

Finally I would acknowledge most gratefully the conspicuous liberality and courtesy with which authors (or their living representatives) and their publishers have acceded to my requests for leave to make use of these versions. Only in one instance has any author or publisher done what it would have been legitimate and customary for all of them to have done—made any charge for the use of their copyright material; and in that one case the charge is little more than nominal.

To dead authors, to the Wellesleys, Merivales, and others of the past, my debt is great; and, 'if it be true that spirits feel,' my gratitude will go to them. One of them, Andrew Lang, has but recently been numbered among the dead. The attractiveness of his style in every department of his many-sided literary activities

is known to all readers ; but not all, perhaps, will have realized the poetical genius which was in him. Those who read his versions of the Anthology contained in this book will realize it, and will regret, as I do, that we have not more translations of these poems from his pen.

The Earl of Cromer and his publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., have allowed me to make numerous selections from his *Paraphrases and Translations from the Greek*. Lord Cromer has also, with special kindness, allowed me to choose from certain versions which he has not so far published.

Mr. Andrew Lang, only a week before he died, gave me permission to make use of his work ; and his publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., have kindly given assent to my so doing.

How large is my debt to Mr. J. A. Pott may be seen by reference to the contents list of this volume. It is peculiarly generous of him and his publisher, Mr. Swan Sonnenschein (Kegan Paul & Co.), to allow me to make use of his work, because his book of versions was published only last year. But Mr. Pott has further allowed me

to make a selection from certain unpublished translations of his, and has, in fact, treated me with a kindness which is rare even on the part of an eminent golfer.

Mr. George Allen, the publisher of Mr. Cory's *Ionica*, has been good enough to allow me to make use of the beautiful 'Heracleitus' verse contained therein.

I have received peculiar kindness from Mr. Horatio Brown of Venice and Mrs. Vaughan of Wellington College, the literary representatives of that charming writer, the late Mr. John Addington Symonds, who have allowed me to use versions published in his volumes on the Greek Poets, as well as others from a privately-printed book called *Rhaetica*.

I have to thank Messrs. A. and C. Black, the publishers, for leave to use the versions taken from the work on the Greek Poets.

I have made considerable use of versions taken from the volume of the Canterbury Poets published by the Scott Publishing Company of Felling-on-Tyne. To their generous permission is due the fact that I am able to publish them.

PREFACE

My old friend, Dr. A. J. Butler, Fellow and Bursar of Brasenose College, has allowed me to choose many of the translations contained in his charming book, *Amaranth and Asphodel*. His version of Simmias' epitaph on Sophocles he has, with what I consider mistaken self-depreciation, forbidden me to use; and so I have had to substitute an inferior version of my own for it.

I have got only one translation from Professor Gilbert Murray. I wish I had more; for of all living men he is most designed by nature to do justice to these Greek songs. For the use of two of the late Mr. Walter Headlam's versions I have to thank the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. I have also to thank Dr. W. H. D. Rouse and his publishers, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., for leave to use many of his translations.

Mr. John Murray, the owner of the *Quarterly Review*, has very kindly permitted me to make use of an article of my own, published in July 1911, as an introductory chapter.

In fact, as I said at the beginning of these

acknowledgements, I have met with naught save courtesy, kindness, and generosity from the authors and publishers to whom I have had to apply.

Many of the versions of the older translators are taken from that remarkable collection known as the *Anthologia Polyglotta*, which was published by Mr. John Murray in 1849. I have also borrowed versions from Bohn's edition, edited by George Burges, and published in 1852.

G. B. GRUNDY.

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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ALL departments of human activity tend to reflect and to affect the spirit of the age in which they are exercised; and in no one of them is this tendency more marked than in literature. It would be difficult to find any period of one hundred years in the history of the Western nations in which their literature has not undergone some marked change alike in matter and in form. For the change in matter it is not difficult to account, since it is exposed to the influence of ever-changing circumstances. Modifications in form and style are partially due to the same cause, but are still more attributable to that psychological evolution which is ever at work in the minds of men, the various phases of which we try to reproduce in that vague word-picture, 'the spirit of the age.' There are times, too, when literature ordains for itself some more or less durable form, whether through criticism,

or through the creation of some great example which sets a fashion for ages after that in which it is produced.

But the purist has never yet succeeded in stereotyping any particular literary form; and the work of even the greatest authors must in the end suffer from the failure to appeal to a future very different from the present in which the author wrote. Greek literature was peculiarly sensitive to the spirit of the age, because the Greeks were a peculiarly sensitive race. Yet the most essential element in it, the language, owing to its excellence as a medium of expression, maintained a permanence of form which resisted the assaults of time, and thus provided later Greek writers with the means, if they chose to use them, of reproducing the spirit and the expression of the ages of the past. The vitality of Greek is in strong contrast to the rapid decay of Latin. Thus it came about that men could if they would, in the fifth century after Christ, reproduce the style and, to a certain extent, the spirit of the writers of the best age of Greek literature a thousand years before their time.

The Greek of Simonides was not a dead language to the Byzantine writers of the first millennium of our era.

To this extraordinary vitality of the Greek language is due that prolonged resistance which a certain type of Greek verse, the epigram and the shorter lyric, made to whole centuries of change in taste and fashion among a people whose very quickness of wit tended to make it fickle in its allegiance to this or that particular form or style in poetry and prose. The Greek was an intellectual spendthrift. The intense keenness with which he pursued the interest of the moment was but too apt to exhaust his interest and the subject of it alike; and so the next generation would turn to other thoughts. Had the Greek mind survived till our own time, it might have exhausted the intellectual capital of the world. Yet amid all the chances and changes of its vivid life, there lived on one form of literature which was born with it and died with it—that type of poetry the most brilliant examples of which were collected in what is known as the Greek Anthology.

The strictness with which these poems adhered to a certain literary form, the elegiac couplet, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in Western literature. Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that, despite the sameness of form, they never become wearisome. The versatility of the Greek mind found ever new modes of expression whose exquisiteness of finish made it possible to insert new word-pictures within a frame which had served the purposes of artists of a previous age. The ordered rhythm and cadence may be likened to the mechanical framework of a kaleidoscope which gives regularity and design to all the bright colours of the Greek fancy. Yet form and fancy had been powerless to prolong the life of the epic and the drama; and the extraordinary duration of the type of poetry contained in the Anthology must be ascribed to some other cause. Perhaps it lies in the wide appeal to mankind made by any literature which gives expression to the pathos of the joys and sorrows of everyday life. Men read their lives in it and into it, and so are brought to turn to it again and again.

In this twentieth century the Anthology has a value as well as a charm. It gives a picture of the life of at least ten centuries more vivid than any which can be drawn from the other extant literature of those ages. We can follow thirty generations of men from their cradle to their grave, and can discern the thoughts which cheered them or depressed them at every step of their life's journey—simple thoughts they may be, of very ordinary things, but just the thoughts and the things which make up the greater part of the life of all of us. The life depicted is in many respects different from this which we now live, and yet it is surprisingly 'modern', approximating perhaps more closely to our own than did that of the ages which intervene between us and the Ancient World.

One might almost evolve a type of life from the poems. There is a childhood, of which but little is disclosed, save that every now and then some epitaph on one who has met an all too early death gives evidence of a family affection as deep as that which resides among ourselves. Every now and again there is reference to the

playfulness and sweetness of child-life ; but such references are noticeably rare. The care of childhood is largely the care of women ; and but few women writers are represented in the Anthology. Admiration for Sappho and Erinna can hardly blind us to the fact that they cannot have been examples of middle-class domesticity. It is when childhood has passed into youth, and when youth is passing into manhood, that the fire of the life of those ages sets poetry aflame. It is more of an animal life than any to which the present age dares confess, a life of fierce love and hate, but especially of a love wild and uncontrolled, and apt at times to take baser forms. But it is not always so ; and despite its vehement passion, or, it may be, by reason of it, it produced under the hand of Meleager the most beautiful love-poems in Western literature. It was a time of life through which men lived with a consciousness that it could not last; that another would soon come when the pleasure of the present would be impossible or unattainable—and, after that, the end. ' Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present,

and let us speedily use the creatures like as in youth,' was an exhortation not needed by generations determined to use every moment of youth in the knowledge that it could never come to them again. And so youth passed into middle age, wherein some turned to literature or philosophy if they had not turned to them before, while some sought a continued but enfeebled enjoyment of the pleasures of the past. But it is noticeable that the shadows fall earlier on the lives of men in those days than in our own. Even at the outset of life's mid-term their looks tend backward. *There* is the sunlight of life's journey; in front of them the future seems to be plunging into an ever-deepening mist towards the darkness of the unknown; and Time, like a ghost, dogs their steps. It is all summed up in the verse of an unknown writer in the Anthology:

The step of hoary Time is slow,
  Yet upon us he ever gains,
And, once o'ertaken, we must go
  To lands where silence always reigns;
Unseen himself, he hides from sight
The seen,—the unseen brings to light.

And we, subservient to his power,
We travel onward day by day
Towards the dark, nor know the hour
When comes the ending of the way.

Now and again we meet with a happier note in middle life, the utterance of a man who has taken refuge in intellectual pursuits and found happiness therein. But more often the tone is one of sadness and regret, not as a rule the regret of one who would live a better life if he had to live it again, but of one who misses the wild physical enjoyment of the past, and feels that he might have had more of it. The feeling acts differently on different natures. Some become pessimistic. They decide that men and women are wholly bad, especially women who have become old and ugly. But others, less spoilt by contact with the world, give most touching proof of the lastingness of affection formed in youth.

Of the old age of men of those times the reality is almost too painful to reproduce. Sorrow, regret, despair—all the feelings, indeed, that go to form the sum of human unhappiness—are the key-notes of their verse. They are, for

the most part, men who sorrow without hope. Their sole consolation is in an assumed recklessness as to the future. A more hopeful note is sung at times even in pagan days. The Mysteries, Philosophy, or, it may be, the Mithraic cult has offered a fairer prospect in which some men try to believe. But it was, after all, left to Christianity to dispel the dread despondency of later life. That despondency was not moral; it was of regret, not of contrition. And, when it is all over, the dead man's friends write his epitaph, unless he has anticipated them by doing so himself. Sometimes, if he has been great in literature or life, a literary epitaph is written for him years after his death, often a composition of extreme beauty, but sometimes a bitter tribute to his defects.

It is not strange that English scholars have at times sought to render some of these exquisite verses into their own language. The majority of the renderings which survive in printed form are in rhyming verse. Blank verse has been seldom used, probably from a sense of its

unfitness for the interpretation of the epigram or the short lyric.

The technical difficulties of verse translation are great; but, if these be overcome, the appeal to the heart and mind of the reader is not made in vain. He wants the swing of the rhythm and the cadence of word and sound. After all, poetry has its form as well as its matter. The inevitable loss of beauty in translation should be reduced to the smallest dimensions. In the case of the Anthology the loss is peculiarly inevitable for at least two reasons. It seems certain that the humour, whether grave or light, of some of the poems is lost to us, because it is founded on the catchwords or expressions of a passing age. In other instances it can only be reproduced by paraphrase, a method which has at times to be resorted to in the interpretation of that play upon words which is so common in the poems. No one has yet succeeded in reproducing the last lines of Simonides' epigram on those who fell at the Eurymedon:

μνημεῖα θανόντων
ἄμυχ' εὐψύχων ἅδε κέκευθε κόνις.

These poems are sometimes called Epigrams. If by epigram be meant the incisive expression of a striking idea, then many of them cannot be called by the name. There can be no question that it was the existence of a large number of epigrams in previous literature which suggested their collection into one book, first made in anything like its present form by Meleager in the century preceding the Christian era. But he widened the concept by including in the collection a large number of brief lyrics, which, though epigrammatic in expression, are not epigrams in the same sense as the verses of Simonides. The early epigrams are, as their name implies, inscriptions; and the limitations imposed by the material on which they were engraved forced the composer to be concise in expression, and brought into being a literary type which has both excited the admiration and exercised the ingenuity of succeeding ages. Purists of various periods were inclined to protest against the inclusion in successive collections of matter which was not in strict epigrammatic form. Parmenio of Macedon in

the early days of the Roman principate inveighed against this tendency, in a verse in which he compared the epigram with the sprint race in the stadium.

The epigram of many lines does violence to poetic art :
You find not in the stadium a course which wearies you to death—
A course which circles many times towards the point from which you start ;
Its race is run at topmost speed and taken at a single breath.

But, fortunately for the later world, those who made the various collections of so-called epigrams both before and after the time of Parmenio did not adhere to his purism ; otherwise many beautiful short poems included in the final collection would have passed into oblivion.

Strangely modern as they are in many of their ideas, these poems present nevertheless in certain respects a very marked contrast to many sentiments and modes of expressing them which are characteristic of modern poetry. The joys of the men of the old world are fiercer, their sorrows more despairing, than our own. But

that old world is nearer to us in its sorrows than in its joys. The comparison is well shown in Tom Moore's paraphrase of Antipater of Sidon's epitaph on Anacreon:

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death thine eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth.
She too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers—
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers.
Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou with all thy soul didst give her.

Despite the fierce animalism of some of the erotic fragments, the general tone of the poems is sad. The Greek might have borrowed from the Latin the splendid commonplace of Virgil, 'Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt,' as a motto for the whole. It is easy to imagine, in fact we know, that the ancient

world was haunted with the fear of death; but no other branch of ancient literature shows so clearly as the Anthology the extent to which the fear pervaded the life of the early centuries. The old Homeric idea that the future life was at best a thin, colourless presentment of the present, lived on for more than a thousand years after Homer's time. Side by side with it existed another view, still older it may be, that the spirit of man dwelt with the body in the grave; and, emanating from this, the belief that the ghost could not be happy unless the body were buried amid the surroundings which the dead had known and loved in life. This feeling is apparent in epitaphs of quite late date. It is most apparent in those on the shipwrecked, whose bodies have been buried on some far-off shore. But the belief gradually died away, killed partly by the teaching of philosophy, partly by a pessimism which taught that it matters not where you die, since all ways lead to death. We find this in the verse of an anonymous writer who lived probably about the beginning of the Christian era:

Whether within the Attic land you go to meet
your fate,
Or breathe your last at Meroë, the path to death
is straight.
So grieve not if afar from home you leave this
upper air;
To him who sails the ways of death all winds
alike are fair.

A similar idea is found in the verse of Leonidas of Tarentum:

With courage seek the kingdom of the dead,
The path before you lies:
It is not hard to find, nor tread;
No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread;
But broad and straight, and even still,
And ever greatly slopes downhill:
You cannot miss it, though you shut your eyes.
—*C. Merivale.*

A commonplace, to the present world, this idea that all ways lead to death; but then so many of the commonplaces of literature are originally striking expressions of truths or of ideas which, once expressed, make a wide appeal to the human imagination. The genesis and growth of the commonplace is well illustrated in this thousand years of song. It was a fine creation

of fancy to represent the spirit of the shipwrecked sailor buried on the shore as tormented by the thunder of those waves which had brought him to his death. Archias of Byzantium stole the idea from Leonidas of Tarentum; but we may pardon a literary thief who plagiarizes so sweetly.

Crushed by the waves upon the crag was I,
  Who still must hear these waves among the dead
Breaking and brawling on the promontory,
  Sleepless; and sleepless is my weary head!
For me did strangers bury on the coast
  Within the hateful hearing of the deep;
Nor Death, that lulleth all, can lull my ghost—
  One sleepless soul among the souls that sleep.
—*A. Lang.*

The fantastic but striking idea of the wasps making their nests in the tomb of the man of bitter tongue is represented more than once in the Anthology. It appears in the last lines of Gaetulicus' literary epitaph on Archilochus:

Tread circumspectly, traveller, if nigh his tomb thou roam,
Lest thou disturb the fierce wasps which find in it a home.

But bitterness, sorrow, and gloom are not the only notes which are struck in the epitaphs. Simonides seeks to banish the bitterness of death by an appeal to the glory of patriotism. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to reproduce in a translation a true sense of that beauty of sentiment and of language which is so peculiarly his own. Many have essayed to do so; but success has been rare and never complete. W. G. Headlam's version of the epitaph on the Athenian dead at Plataea comes nearest perhaps to the spirit of Simonides' verse:

If the best merit be to lose life well,
To us beyond all else that fortune came:
In war, to give Greece liberty, we fell,
Heirs of all time's imperishable fame.

Simonides praised a patriotism which his fellow countrymen but imperfectly understood; and, such as it was, it passed away even from literature with the passing of the citizen army. The virtue vanishes from the Greek epigram after the close of the fifth century.

There can be little doubt that the Mysteries of Eleusis, with their doctrine of the immortality

of the soul, did something to dispel, in the minds of the initiated, some of the gloom which the pessimism of the old ideas as to the after-life laid upon the world. But there is but little trace of its effect in the Anthology, save in the verses of Crinagoras, who lived in Rome during the later days of Augustus :

E'en shouldst thou live the quiet life, nor sail
The sea, nor travel on the land,
To journey unto Attica thou shouldst not fail,
And on Demeter's nights of worship stand
Within her temple. Thus of life's dull care
Thou shalt be free ; and, when thou goest where
We all must dwell, thy spirit shall not quail.

The sentiment is beautiful ; but, coming from the mind of a writer of the first century after Christ, its genuineness as an expression of faith may be doubted.

The effect of philosophy on men's minds was twofold, tending on the one hand to the hope of immortality in a happy future, on the other to a creed of annihilation. Of nihilistic pessimism the Anthology is full, possibly because some really believed in it, possibly because as

a social pose it added an interest to the *soi-disant* professor of it. It is sometimes treated gravely, sometimes in a light vein. There is a terribly grim humour about Callimachus' epitaph on Charidas of Cyrene; but it expresses what was very widely believed in that Alexandrian society in which the author had so high a place in the middle of the third century before Christ. It is an example of that weird fancy which prompted men to write epitaphs in dialogue. Here is a paraphrase rendering of it:

'Does Charidas beneath thee lie?'
'He does, an be it mean ye
Arimma's son who came to die
From Libyan Cyrene.'
'Charidas, what's the world below?'
'Black darkness, that is all.'
'Do they return who thither go?'
'Who says so, liar call!
We pass to nothingness; of truth that is the very pith.'
'But Pluto's self?' 'Why, Pluto's self is nothing but a myth.'

The dialogue is usually supposed, as in this instance, to take place between the wayfarer

and the corpse in the grave. But sometimes the tale of the dead is taken up by some animal carved on the tomb, it may be a lion on the grave of some Leonidas, an eagle on the tomb of a poet, or a dog on the tomb of a cynic philosopher. There is the celebrated epitaph on Diogenes by an unknown writer, beginning εἰπὲ κύον. . . . Dr. Symonds [1] took it seriously :

'Tell me, good dog, whose tomb you guard so well.'
'The Cynic's.' 'True: but who that cynic, tell.'
'Diogenes, of fair Sinope's race.'
'What? He that in a tub was wont to dwell?'
'Yes: but the stars are now his dwelling-place.'

An impious cynicism may suggest that the writer of the epitaph meant to be cynical to the cynic; and that his true intent was to treat the subject somewhat lightly :

'Since, O dog, this grave thou guardest, tell me whose the grave may be.'
''Tis a Cynic's, that 's to say, sir, just another dog like me.'

[1] This translation, and those of the epitaphs on Saon and on Proté, below, are by Dr. Symonds, father of the better-known J. A. Symonds.

'What's his name?' 'Diogenes, sir; he who
from Sinope came.'
'He who lived inside a barrel?' 'Yes, indeed,
sir, 'tis the same.
But he now, since his translation,
Lives inside a constellation.'

The other tendency of philosophy was to lead men to fairer hopes, above all to the belief that the good was immortal. Even Callimachus gives expression to it in his epitaph on Saon of Acanthus, thus turned by Symonds:

Here lapped in hallowed slumber Saon lies,
Asleep, not dead; a good man never dies.

But never was a fair hope of the future more beautifully expressed in antiquity than in the epitaph on Proté, the translation of which by Dr. Symonds, and quoted by his son J. A. Symonds in his work on the Greek poets, is perhaps the finest extant version in English of any of the verses from the Anthology.

Thou art not dead, my Proté! Thou art flown
To a far country better than our own;
Thy home is now an Island of the Blest:
There 'mid Elysian meadows take thy rest;

Or lightly trip along the flowery glade,
Rich with the asphodels that never fade!
Nor pain, nor cold, nor toil, shall vex thee more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger on that happy shore;
Nor longings vain (now that blest life is won)
For such poor days as mortals here drag on.
To thee for aye a blameless life is given
In the pure light of ever-present Heaven.

The intellectual world of ancient times does not appear to have believed in anything resembling Hell; for, had it done so, it could hardly have failed to consign its pet aversions to it. It was left to Christianity to enlarge the scope of eternity. Rest is the reward, and a lack of rest the punishment, in the hereafter.

Another note is touched when we pass to the literary epitaphs, meaning thereby those posthumous judgements on the great men of the past which were never intended for the tombs of those whose virtues and whose defects they record. As a storehouse of literary appreciation *in excelsis* they are unsurpassed; and, moreover, they contain some of the most beautiful pieces in the whole collection. It is almost invidious to make a choice among the greatest of them,

but perhaps that on Sophocles by Simmias of Rhodes, a writer of the third century before Christ, is most remarkable for its beauty. If it be necessary to recall it, its first line will recall it to many.

Ἠρέμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἠρέμα, κισσέ.

The last two lines of it render it all but untranslatable into English verse.

William Cory's version of Callimachus' epitaph on Heracleitus is one of the most beautiful in our language; but who does not know those lines beginning:

They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed . . . ?

Tom Moore's paraphrase of the lines on Anacreon by Antipater of Sidon is full of poetry. But the mere quotation of the best literary epitaphs would take too much space. One great writer, Meleager, wrote his own—nay, he wrote two for himself. They are both distinguished by the half-pathetic humour which is so

customary with him. The old man could never quite forgive a Providence which had decreed that he should be born in Gadara—though it was not as yet famous for its swine—outside the limits of Hellas;

A Syrian I? The world 's our fatherland;
So marvel not! Forget not, stranger, that
Confusion's self all mortal men begat!

This is from one of his two epitaphs. And the same regretful longing appears in the quaint pathos of the last lines of the other, where he supposes himself to be addressing from his tomb a passer-by:

If thou'rt a Syrian, sir, 'Salaam' to you!
Or, if Phoenician, I say 'Adieu!'
But if it happen that a Greek thou be,
I say 'Farewell'! Ah! say the same to me!

These are, as it were, the last words of a man who had spent his life in writing the most beautiful love-poems in existence. Had he not himself said:

It may be in the years to come
That men who love shall think of me,
And reading o'er these verses see
How love was my life's martyrdom.

Love-songs I write for him and her,
  Now this, now that, as Love dictates;
  One birthday gift alone the Fates
Gave me, to be Love's scrivener.
—*J. A. Symonds.*

Meleager is not merely the greatest love-poet; he is also one of the most humorous of writers. His is an Aristophanic humour which likes to take the reader along a high flight of almost tragic fancy, only to let him down with a sudden fall at the end:

She is stolen! Who is there
  That could do a deed so cruel?
Who 'gainst very Love would dare
  Raise a hand in deadly duel?
Light the links—be quick about it!
  Hist! What footfall made me start?
Heliodora's—Who can doubt it?
  Back into my breast, O heart!
—*W. H. D. Rouse.*

Quaint as is his humour, lightly as he sometimes treats the passion of love and the forlorn victim of it, Meleager was one who felt the passion deeply. His lines on the death of Heliodora express a feeling as beautiful and as

sincere as the poem itself. He depicted the *Sturm und Drang* of a strong physical life dominated by a sense of beauty; and the picture is true alike to nature and to art. He is without a predecessor and without a successor in literature. Nearest to him as a love-poet comes the Byzantine, Paulus Silentiarius. His spirit is more modern than that of Meleager, the creation of a world in which passion has been cooled by age. Yet it is passionate enough as the times go, and, at its best, is full of genuine sentiment and bright fancies.

The poems disclose in a very remarkable way both the keenness and the limitation of the Greek sense of beauty. To beauty existent in the human form the Greek was, needless to say, peculiarly sensitive. He was also peculiarly sensitive to the defects of ugliness. It is when we turn to the beauties of the inanimate world that his appreciation is most difficult to analyse. Very diverse opinions have been expressed on the subject by scholars of long and intimate acquaintance with Greek literature. The testimony of the Anthology is, by itself, fairly

clear; but, if it be cited, it must be put forward not as decisive on the question, but as merely contributory to it.

In these poems the sense and appreciation of the beauty of flowers is strongly contrasted with the absence of any expressed appreciation of the beauty of scenery. It is not merely in the 'Garland' of Meleager that the love of flowers is shown; it is displayed again and again by poets of all the ages of this millennium of verse. It is their colour, their scent, and their symmetry of form which seem to appeal especially to the feelings of the Greek. Scenery, in the sense in which we use it, leaves him, if not cold, at any rate expressionless. There are passages which seem at first reading to show such appreciation; above all the numerous verses, some of which are without doubt copies of actual inscriptions, which refer to some delightful resting-place near a spring beside the road, or to the plane-tree or the pine high on the hill-side where the shepherd's pipe may be heard. The verse of Anyté is typical of the feeling expressed:

Stranger, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—
Sweet, 'mid green leaves, the breezes whisper here:
Drink the cool wave, while noontide fervours glow;
For such the rest to wearied pilgrims dear.
—*H. Wellesley.*

Even should the epigram refer to the beauty of the trees by the well, the idea uppermost in the mind of the writer is the bodily comfort to be derived from shade, from rest, and from the quenching of fierce thirst. Nor is it difficult for any one who has passed a summer in the Nearer East to understand the gratitude of the wayfarer for this counterpart of the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land. There is also a marked tendency to humanize the beauties of nature by a process of idealization. The sunbeams which pierce the foliage are the wood-nymphs dancing through the forest; the waters which flash over the wheel are the water-nymphs turning the mill, as in the pretty fancy of Antipater:

Let your wheel-turning hands, lucky maidens, be still;
Sleep on, though Alectryo wakens the morn:

The water-nymphs now take your part at the mill,
And weigh down the mill-stones that crumble the corn.
How they flash from the wheels! How they thunder and roar!
How the axle spins round at the sound of their voices!
This age is become like the golden of yore,
When Ceres our hearts without labour rejoices.
—*C. Merivale.*

To the Greek sense, educated by the excellence of the plastic arts, beauty became associated especially with symmetry and with vivid colour. The rugged, irregular outlines of mountain scenery, which make a peculiar appeal to the modern sense, left Greek feelings apparently untouched. It is sometimes supposed that the sites chosen for Hellenic sanctuaries argue in themselves an appreciation of the beautiful in scenery. The lofty headland and the isolated acropolis of Greek lands afford indeed views which are hardly to be surpassed in the wide wide world; but it is probable that these situations were chosen for more practical motives, the acropolis for its strength as a

are as amusing as the best that is to be found in the light verse of modern times. Nicarchus did not like the doctors :

Yesterday the Zeus of stone from the doctor had a call ;
Though he's Zeus, and though he's stone, yet to-day's his funeral.

His answer to Demetrius' invitation to dinner might have been written to the occupant of a top-story London flat :

'Twas yesterday, Demetrius, you asked me in to dine ;
I've come to-day ; but don't be cross : the fault was hardly mine.
It took me hours to get to you ; your stairs they never ended ;
I gripped another ass's tail, and so at last ascended.
A heavenly body you've become. Zeus must have used this flight
When he took poor old Ganymede to heaven's starry height.
You'll never get to Hades now, so far away it be !
You're not a fool ; you've found a way to immortality !

And so it goes on from age to age, and from grave to gay, for the spirit of the verses is apt to take its colour from the age. The lights and shadows of the history of the time are reflected in the clear waters of the Anthology. When the political world is out of joint and all is confusion, so that men begin to count their lives by hours, the verses turn to seriousness, or even to despair. The joy of life, when the ordered government of the Principate gave peace and prosperity to the provinces, is shown in the careless, reckless fun of Lucilius and Nicarchus. One can even trace in the poems the priggish archaism of the second century of our era. They are pictures of the life not merely of man, but of the centuries. Brief, pointed, and terse, they express in a few words thoughts which it takes us hours to think and years to formulate, even to ourselves. They are, indeed, some of the brightest examples of all that the human intellect is capable of at its best; and, were the civilizing and humanizing element which Greek introduces into education to be banished from it at the instance of unpractical preachers of practicality, the

disappearance of these poems from accessible literature would be not the least part of the loss. For, after all, the splendid literary boast of Parrhasius was true :

Εἰ καὶ ἄπιστα κλύουσι λέγω τάδε· φημὶ γὰρ ἤδη
τέχνης εὑρῆσθαι τέρματα τῆσδε σαφῆ
χειρὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέρης· ἀνυπέρβλητος δὲ πέπηγεν
οὖρος· ἀμώμητον δ' οὐδὲν ἔγεντο βροτοῖς.

'Twill sound a foolish boast ; but still I make it
We have attained the clear-set bounds of art.
Further man cannot go ; but, yet I take it,
The critic still will play the critic's part.

INTRODUCTORY VERSE

THE GRAVE OF ORPHEUS

'TWAS hence the Thracian minstrel went
The second time the sunless way,
And found his twice-lost love, content
'Mid songless shades to be as they.
But the songs died not—all the May
And all through June they flood the vales;
And still on Orpheus' tomb, men say,
Most sweetly sing the nightingales.

ARCHILOCHUS

THE ECLIPSE

NEVER man again may swear, things shall be as once they were ;
Never more in wonder stare, since the Olympian thunderer
Bade the sun's meridian splendour hide in shade of murky night ;
While affrighted nations started, trembling at the sudden sight.

Who shall dare to doubt hereafter, whatsoever man may say ?
Who refuse with stupid laughter credence to the wildest lay ?
Though for pasture dolphins ranging, leap the hills and scour the wood,
And fierce wolves, their nature changing, dive beneath th' astonished flood.

ARCHILOCHUS

THE STORM

BEHOLD, my Glaucus, how the deep
Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl,
And round the promontory steep
The big, black clouds portentous scowl,
With thunder fraught and lightning's glare,
While Terror rules, and wild Despair.

UNLETTERED AND UNKNOWN

AND where thou diest, thou shalt lie; no memory of thy name
Thenceforth for ever shall be heard, because thou hast no part
In roses from Pierian springs; with no more note or fame,
Where the dim ghosts are, thou shalt flit, obscure as here thou art.

UNLETTERED AND UNKNOWN

IN the cold grave where thou shalt lie,
All memory too of thee shall die,
Who, in this life's auspicious hours,
Disdain'st Pieria's genial flowers;
And, in the mansions of the dead,
With the vile crowd of ghosts, thy shade,
While nobler spirits point with scorn,
Shall flit neglected and forlorn.

RETAIN THY YOUTH!

KEEP young, dear soul of mine, retain thy mirth;
Others will soon be men, and I black earth.

THE SUN

SURELY the Sun has labour all his days
And never any respite, steeds nor god,
Since Eos first, whose hands are rosy rays,
Ocean forsook and Heaven's high pathway trod:
At night across the sea that wondrous bed
Shell-hollow, beaten by Hephaestus' hand,
Of winged gold and gorgeous, bears his head
Half waking on the wave, from eve's red strand
To the Ethiop shore, where steeds and chariot are,
Keen mettled, waiting for the morning star.

AS THE FLOWERS OF THE GRASS

WE are as leaves in jewelled springtime growing
That open to the sunlight's quickening rays;
So joy we in our span of youth, unknowing
If God shall bring us good or evil days.

Two fates beside thee stand; the one hath sorrow
Dull age's fruit, that other gives the boon
Of Death, for youth's fair flower hath no to-morrow,
And lives but as a sunlit afternoon.

And when thine hour is spent, and passeth by thee,
Surely to die were better than to live,
Ere grief or evil fortune come anigh thee,
And penury that hath but ill to give.

Who longs for children's love, for all his yearning
Shall haply pass to death anhungered still;
Or pain shall come, his life to anguish turning,
Zeus hath for all an endless store of ill.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG GIRL

PILLARS of death, carved Sirens, tearful urns,
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To him who near my tomb his footsteps turns,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail; and say a maid
Rests in her bloom below; her sire the name
Of Baucis gave: her birth and lineage high:
And say her bosom friend Erinna came,
And on this tomb engraved her elegy.

THE GRAVE OF MIDAS

SCULPTURED in brass, a virgin bright,
On Midas' tomb I stand,
While water cools, while flowers delight,
While rivers pass the land,
While Ocean girds the world around,
While with returning day
Phoebus returns, and Night is crowned
By Luna's glimmering ray.
So long as these shall last, will I,
A monument of Woe,
Declare to every passer-by
That Midas sleeps below.

THE SONG OF THE LYRE

OF Atreus' sons and Cadmus great the hero-songs I sang ;
But when I touched the lyre its strings with Love's sweet message rang.
I changed the strings, I changed the lyre : but ah ! 'twas all in vain ;
My voice was drowned amid the sound of fierce Love's refrain.
And so, ye heroes, fare ye well ! Your deeds I tried to sing ;
But with the tale of Love the lyre vibrates in every string.

ON A SLAIN WARRIOR

THE warrior Timocritus lies here within this grave :
For War it spareth cowards, but spareth not the brave.

TOO OLD

'TIS Eros of the Golden Hair
Doth challenge us his game to share,
And throws his purple ball,
Displaying every trick and wile,
For thus our hearts would he beguile
To answer to his call.
But, ah, 'tis all in vain, for she,
My Lesbian maid, despises me ;
My locks her anger stir :
A hoary head doth she disdain,
And so she seeks a younger swain
To play the game with her.

ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD IN A BATTLE AT CHALKIS

WE died in shock of battle 'neath Dirphys' lonely dell :
Our tomb our countrymen have raised near fair Euripus' shore ;
'Twas but our due, for on our lives the bitter war-cloud fell,
And blotted out that youth we loved and now shall see no more.

SIMONIDES

ON THE SPARTANS WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLAE

STRANGER, unto the men of Sparta tell
That here, obedient to their laws, we fell.

SIMONIDES

THE SPARTANS AT THERMOPYLAE

OF those who in Thermopylae once fell
Fair was the fate, and glorious the doom ;
Their memory is undimmed by tears ; their tomb
A nation's altar ; and their praises swell
Above the sound of weeping.
Drear decay,
Nor Time's all-wasting hand shall e'er deface
Their sepulchre, for right brave men were they.
Within that grave which is their resting-place
Lies the great glory of our own Greek race ;
Leonidas the Spartan king is there
To witness to a fame so passing fair,
That lasting honour which with him they share.

THE FATE OF MEGISTIAS

THIS is the grave of famed Megistias, whom
Beside Spercheius' stream the Persian slew :
A seer he, who dared to share the doom
Of Sparta's leaders, though that doom he knew.

EPITAPH ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD AT PLATAEA

IF the best merit be to lose life well,
To us beyond all else that fortune came:
In war, to give Greece liberty, we fell,
Heirs of all time's imperishable fame.

EPITAPH ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD AT PLATAEA

IF to have met a noble end
Be best of all that men count best,
Then Fate to us has proved a friend,
And we are more than all men blest.
To free our land of Greece we tried;
And here within our graves we lie,
The men who gained by having died
A glory which shall never die.

EPITAPH ON THE LACEDAEMONIAN DEAD AT PLATAEA

THESE crowned with an eternal fame
That country which they loved so well,
And lit with an undying flame
Their path, when death's dark shadow fell.
But though they died, they are not dead :
Their valour took them by the hand,
And, strong in all its glory, led
Their spirits back from Shadow-land.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THE EURYMEDON

'TWAS in their breasts whose grave is here the God of furious war
Washed the long-pointed arrows in a crimson stream of gore.
Alas! that men whose courage faced the storm which struck them dead
Should lie in death beneath the dust with all their courage sped.

ANACREON

ALL cheering vine! with purple clusters crowned,
Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound,
Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest,
Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast,
Still may'st thou flourish, that the bard divine,
Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,
May view, though sunk amongst the silent dead,
Thy honours waving o'er his aged head;
Whilst on his ashes, in perennial rills,
Soothing his shade, thy nectar'd juice distils;
Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire
That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.

'Se a te vuoi esser buono.'

YOUTH AND LIFE

NOUGHT amongst men unshaken may abide,
And soothly doth the sage of Chios sing
'The race of man is as the leaves of Spring';
Yet though we hear, we thrust the truth aside,
Nor ponder it, for Hope is still our guide,
Fond Hope to which young hearts will ever cling:
Youth recks not, in his flower, of languishing,
But sows vain dreams to die unsatisfied:
For age seems far and dim, and farther Death:
And whole, men deem not life may fade and wane,
Ah fools and blind that have not understood
How youth is brief, how life is but a breath;
Thou that art better taught, while life remain
Strive still for this, to sate thy soul with good.

VIRTUE'S DWELLING-PLACE

VIRTUE delights her home to keep,
Say the wise of the olden time,
High on a rugged, rocky steep,
Which man may hardly climb.
And there a pure, bright, shining band,
Her ministers, around her stand.
No mortal man may ever look
That form august to see,
Until with patient toil he brook
The sweat of mental agony,
Which all must do, who reach that goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul.

ON A CRETAN MERCHANT

A CRETAN I,
And here I lie
Late Brotachos of Gortys.
I came to buy,
And not to die;
But Hades now my port is.

THE LION ON THE GRAVE

OF beasts I am the bravest : of mortal men, that one
Whose grave I watch and guard, a sentinel in stone.

ON A HOUND

THOUGH dead within this tomb, thy white bones still,
Lycus, my sleuth-hound, scare the beasts, I trow;
How brave thou wert, Cithaeron's lonely hill
And far-seen Ossa and great Pelion know.

ON TWO BROTHERS

THIS earth Pythōnax and his brother hides,
Who died before they reached youth's lovely prime.
The tomb their father built them ; which abides
For ever, though they lived so short a time.

THE NEW-MADE GRAVE

THIS earth is freshly turned, and on the column's face
The quivering wreaths have scarce begun to fade.
Come, passer-by, with me the story trace
Of her whose bones within this tomb are laid.
'Stranger, my name was Aretêmias; I,
In Cnidos born, did goodly Euphron wed;
And then, fulfilling woman's destiny,
With childbirth's travail I was brought to bed.
Twin sons I bore; the one I left behind
His father's steps in hoary age to guide;
But, that my husband's image in my mind
Might live in death, the other with me died.

TO EURIPIDES

HAIL! dear Euripides, for whom a bed
In black-leaved vales Pierian is shed.
Dead though thou art, yet know thy fame shall be,
Like Homer's, green through all eternity.

EURIPIDES

EURIPIDES' one monument is the broad
Hellenic earth.
His body lies in Macedon where passed his
latest days.
Fair Athens, Hellas' very soul, the land which
gave him birth.
His Muses were the world's delight and won
undying praise.

MORNING AND EVENING STAR

THOU wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled ;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus giving
New splendour to the dead.

MORNING AND EVENING STAR

ERSTWHILE the star of dawn thy light on
living men was shed ;
But now in death an evening star, thou'rt light
among the dead.

ON A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

YE farers both by sea and land, I bid you hail !
but I
Would have you note this sailor's grave, all ye
who pass it by.

REFLECTIONS

LAIS, once of Greece the pride,
For whom so many suitors sighed,
Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine
The mirror of my youth resign ;
Since what I am I will not see,
And what I was I cannot be.

AN OFFERING TO APHRODITÉ

I LAUGHED exultant over men,
All Hellas sighed for longing;
Young gallants sought for Lais then,
About her portal thronging.

But now I bring my glass to Thee,
To look therein I care not;
For what I was I cannot see,
And what I am I dare not.

BENEATH THE PINES

SIT thou beneath this lofty sounding pine
Whose branches shiver in the western breeze :
My pipe shall charm thine eyes to sleep divine
Beside the streamlet plashing 'neath the trees.

A MARINER'S GRAVE

A SAILOR'S tomb am I; o'er there a yokel's tomb there be;
For Hades lies below the earth as well as 'neath the sea.

THE SOUL OF ARISTOPHANES

THE Muses seeking for a shrine
Whose glories ne'er should cease,
Found, as they strayed, the soul divine
Of Aristophanes.

THE ERETRIAN EXILES IN PERSIA

WE who long, long ago left the loud-roaring surges Aegean,
Deep in the heart of the world in Ecbatana's plains we now lie.
Farewell, our famed fatherland, Eretria, city Euboean;
We bid our old neighbours of Athens and the sea that we loved this 'good-bye'.

PAN PIPING

BE still, ye wooded cliffs and waterfalls
And mingled bleatings from the murmuring meads !
For Pan with sweetly ringing music calls,
Laying his lip on pipe of bounden reeds ;
And round him, dancing swift with glimmering feet,
Nymphs of the forest and the fountain meet.

PAN'S MUSIC

YE tangled brakes of the Dryad's hill,
Silence your whispers all;
Let the bleating ewes of the flock be still,
And the plash of the waterfall.

'Tis Pan is playing; let all give heed,
For the God himself is nigh;
His lips run over the jointed reed
In a wondrous melody.

The Hamadryads are gathered round,
With the Nymphs of the waterways,
And their lovely feet shall tread the ground
As they dance to the tune he plays.

THE LOVER'S STAR

MY star, thou gazest on the stars: O would
that I might be
The starry sky, so gaze might I with myriad eyes
on thee!

THE LIMIT OF ART

'TWILL sound a foolish boast, but still I make it :
We have attained the clear-set bounds of art :
Further man cannot go. But yet, I take it,
The critic still will play the critic's part.

A SLIGHT EXCEPTION

THE race Cilician is bad all through,
Except Cinyras; he 's Cilician too.

PHILEMON

EURIPIDES

IF it be true, as some men say,
That those who leave the realms of day
Have still the sense of sight, then I
To see Euripides would die.

ANYTE

THE LEVELLER

HE that in life was but a Persian slave
Is great Darius' equal in the grave.

VENUS OF THE SEA

CYTHERA from this craggy steep
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the venturous sail ;
While Ocean flows beneath, serene,
Awed by the smile of Beauty's Queen.

REST ON THE WAY

REST thou beneath yon laurel's ample shade,
And quaff the limpid stream that issues there;
So thy worn frame, for summer's toil repaid,
May feel the freshness of the western air.

THE PILGRIM'S REST

STRANGER, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—
Sweet, 'mid green leaves, the breezes whisper here :
Drink the cool wave, while noontide fervours glow ;
For such the rest to wearied pilgrims dear.

HEGESIPPUS

THE ELYSIAN WAY

'TIS by yon road, which from the funeral pyre
Slopes to the right, that Hermes, it is said,
Leads to the seat of Rhadamanthus dire
The willing spirits of the virtuous dead.
That right-hand path thy pensive ghost pursued,
Loved Aristonoüs, when it left behind
Those not unmindful of the great and good,
Eternal joys among the blest to find.

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF LIFE

O'ER thee, dear friend, I weep not, for although
Full many blessings thou in life didst know,
The God allotted thee thy share of woe.

SOPHOCLES

SOFTLY, softly, O Ivy, o'er the tomb of Sophocles creep,
Covering all his grave with sprays of thy pale green tresses :
Let the petals of roses bloom round the spot where he lieth asleep
While the vine with its dewy shoots that ground which he hallowed enlaces.
To wisdom put in language sweet is this your beauteous guerdon due,
That language which the poet learnt from Muses and from Graces too.

GATED

O NIGHT, 'tis thou, none other, I entreat
To mark how Pythias, mistress of deceit,
My patient fond affection hath requited :
In vain I wait
Before her gate,
A lover true who came not uninvited.
'Tis you she'd blame if she were ever fated
To be, as I am, miserably ' gated '.

A MOTTO

SPORTING with sweet Hermione
I noted that she wore
A broidered girdle, fair to see,
As ere the Paphian bore.
And round in golden letters ran—
'Love me, and ay be true;
But grudge not if another man
Should love as well as you!'

CALLOUS LOVE

I AM not two-and-twenty yet, but still of life I tire.
O Love, why, why maltreat me so ? Why set me all afire ?
Should any ill befall me, whatever will you do ?
You'll play unheeding with your dice : that 's just the way with you.

THE MISER OF LOVE

YOU hoard your love, sweet maiden ; what 's the gain ?
In Hades, sure, you'll never find a swain.
Love's joys are for the living ; when we die,
Mere dust and ashes 'neath the earth we lie.

DIOGENES

SAD messenger of Death, who in thy vessel dark
Sailest the stream of Acheron, receive me,
Diogenes the Cynic, in thy rugged barque,
Though weighèd down with dead, nor leave me
Upon this nether shore; for lo! I with me bear
The flask, the garment old, the dead man's fare.
Whate'er I had to Hades' home I bring;
Little had I, so left not anything.

THEOCRITUS, OR LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

EURYMEDON'S GRAVE

STRANGER, is it nought to you
Whether cowards or heroes die?
Wouldst thou give the brave his due?
Tell me this, O passer-by.

Nay, thou need'st not; I shall know,
When this tomb thou drawest near,
By the honour thou dost show
Unto him that lieth here.

Here within this wayside grave
Rests Eurymedon divine,
Who his life to glory gave.
What wouldst thou to him assign?

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

THE WAY OF DEATH

WITH courage seek the kingdom of the dead,
The path before you lies :
It is not hard to find, nor tread ;
No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread ;
But broad and straight, and even still,
And ever gently slopes downhill ;
You cannot miss it, though you shut your eyes.

DIVINE PROTECTION

THEY say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live on stormy seas ;
It may be so ; yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
Nor strength nor size can then hold fast ;
But Fortune's favour, Heaven's decree :
Let others trust in oar and mast ;
But may the Gods take care of me.

WHEN SHIPS PUT FORTH

'TIS time to sail! The chattering swallow 's come:
There blows a pleasant breeze from out the west;
The meadows now are springing into bloom;
The sea, once storm-tossed, now has sunk to rest.
So weigh the anchor! let the cable run!
And sail away with all your canvas set!
The God of all the harbours says 'Begone,
And fare ye forth your livelihood to get.'

INFINITY

LONG ere thou sawest the sun,
Infinite ages had run ;
After the daytime is done
There are infinite years.

Man, what remaineth for thee ?
A point too little to see,
Or lesser, if that may be,
Thy lifetime appears.

Yet evil therein is rife,
It is filled with sorrow and strife ;
And sweeter by far than life
Is the death man fears.

INFINITY

UNNUMBERED were the ages past, O man,
Before thy day began.
Unnumbered, too, the ages yet shall be
That Hades hath for thee.

What store of life, then, doth to thee remain?
Scarce, as it were, a grain!
Scanty thy life and short,—nor mayest thou
Even enjoy it now;
For it is hateful, and its poisoned breath
More dire than loathèd death.

Then scorn this stormy life of thine, and shun,—
As I indeed have done,
I, Pheido, son of Crito,—and like me,
Seek the still haven of tranquillity,
The haven of dark Hades' silent sea.

A BAD SAILOR

NOT even if a smiling calm
The fury of the waves should charm,
And from the west the gentle breeze
Should merely ripple summer seas,
Would I as sailor tempt the wave ;
Those dangers I was wont to brave
Are now a terror to my mind :
I'm the sworn foe of every wind.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

THE SHEPHERD'S GRAVE

SHEPHERDS that on this mountain ridge abide,
Tending your goats and fleecy flocks alway,
A little favour, but most grateful, pay
Cleitagoras, nor be the boon denied!
For sake of mother earth, and by the bride
Of Hades under earth, let sheep, I pray,
Bleat near me, and the shepherd softly play
From the scarred rock across the pasture wide.

Ah! but in early spring cull meadow-sweet,
Neighbour, and weave a garland for my tomb;
And with ewe's milk be the stone edge bedewed,
When the lambs play about their mothers' feet;
So shall you honour well the shades, from whom
Are thanks,—and from the dead is gratitude.

PERILS BY LAND AND SEA

A SHIP which many a voyage had made, I
finally was burnt
On that same land where men had felled the
timber built in me;
The sea had driven me ashore, but spared me:
thus I learnt
The land which gave me birth was far more
faithless than the sea.

THE LAST YEARS

AS on her withered prop doth hang the vine,
So I upon my staff; and death doth call.
Wilt feign thou hearest not, O soul of mine?
And yet, methinks, thy joy of life were small
To bask in sunshine at hay-harvest tide
Three years or four—were that so sweet to thee?
So calmly musing, Gorgus laid aside
His life and sought the greater company.

A BAD START

MAY every wind be fair to those who sail the wide wide sea !
But if the gale drive thee, like me, towards the ports of doom,
Blame not th' inhospitable wave, but thine audacity,
Who settest out upon thy voyage from this, a sailor's tomb.

A PORTRAIT

WHEN Diodorus sketched your phiz,
Menodotus, 'tis true
A likeness was produced, for 'tis
Like every one—but you.

ASTROLOGY

YE seers who explore the starry ways,
The lying prophets of senseless lore,
I call on you a curse,
For Folly was your nurse,
Effrontery begat your race of yore.
Futile! who know not e'en your own dispraise

THE CUP OF HORN

THE stream leaps down from the cloven rock,
and I hail the waters clear,
And the little figures of rustic nymphs that
shepherds have offered here.
Good hap, ye maids of the waterways, who are
mirrored below in the pool!
All hail to the kindly rock above that harboured
the fountain cool!
For I was a thirsty wayfarer, and sweet was the
draught I drew;
So take my gift—'tis a cup of horn—that I leave
by the pool for you.

ARCHILOCHUS

STOP, for this grave Archilochus doth hold,
The old Iambic poet, whose eternal fame
Hath reached the lands of sunset and of dawn.
Loved by the Muse and him in Delos born,
The very soul of music he became,
And to the lyre the tale of love he told.

THE FISHERMAN'S TOMB

THÊRIS the old, the waves that harvested,
More keen than birds that labour on the sea,
With spear and net, by shore and rocky bed,
Not with the well-manned galley laboured he.
Him not the star of storms nor sudden sweep
Of wind with all his years had smitten and bent;
But in his hut of reeds he fell asleep,
As fades a lamp when all the oil is spent.
His tomb nor wife nor children raised, but we,
His fellow toilers, fishers of the sea.

THE SPINNING WOMAN

MORNING and evening, sleep she drove away—
Old Platthis—warding hunger from the door ;
And still to wheel and distaff hummed her lay;
Hard by the gates of Eld, and bent and hoar,
Plying her loom until the dawn was grey,
The long course of Athene did she tread ;
With withered hand by withered knee she spun
Sufficient for the loom of goodly thread,
Till all her work and all her days were done :
And in her eightieth year she saw the wave
Of Acheron—old Platthis—kind and brave.

THE TOMB OF HIPPONAX

TREAD softly by Hipponax' tomb, nor dare
To wake the bitter wasp that now doth sleep,
For though the furious wrath that would not spare
His nearest kin may seem to slumber deep,
Yet venom from his burning words is shed.
Beware the sting although the wasp is dead!

RHINTHO

WITH a ringing laugh and a friendly word,
O stranger, pass me by ;
For I was Rhintho of Syracuse, a nightingale was I,
A sweet little bird, a wee little bird, but well to the Muses known ;
And through my tragical mirth I won a crown that is all my own.

A DEDICATION

THIS wild thyme, and these roses, moist with dews,
Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse ;
The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine ;
Thus art thou honoured at the Delphic shrine ;
And there to thee this shagg'd he-goat I vow,
That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendent bough.

THE EDUCATION OF LOVE

I DREAMT I saw great Venus by me stand,
Leading a nodding infant by the hand ;
And that she said to me familiarly,
'Take Love and teach him how to play to me.'
She vanished then. And I, poor soul, must turn
To teach the boy as if he wished to learn.
I taught him all the pastoral songs I knew
And used to sing ; and I informed him too
How Pan found out the pipe, Pallas the flute,
Phoebus the lyre, and Mercury the lute.
But not a jot for all my words cared he,
But lo ! fell singing his love-songs to me ;
And told me of the loves of Gods and men,
And of his mother's doings ; and so then
I forgot all I taught him for my part,
But what he taught me, that I learnt by heart.

HERACLEITUS

THEY told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead ;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

A SAILOR'S GRAVE

WOULD that the swift ships had never been ! for so
We ne'er had wept for Sopolis : but he
Dead in the waves now drifts ; while we must go
Past a void tomb, a mere name's mockery.

LOVE'S VIGIL

CONOPION, may your bed be cold, your slumbers broken,
As even are mine who lie before your gates!
And may your rest be like to his who waits
For that one word of pity, still unspoken.
Your neighbours sympathize; you don't. Some day
When grey yourself you'll know why I am grey.

EPITAPH ON CHARIDAS OF CYRENE

'DOES Charidas beneath thee lie?'
'He does, an be it mean ye
Arimma's son who came to die
From Libyan Cyrene.'
'Charidas, what 's the world below?'
'Black darkness, that is all.'
'Do they return who thither go?'
'Who says so, liar call.
We pass to nothingness; of truth that is the very pith.'
'But Pluto's self?' 'Why Pluto's self is nothing but a myth.'

THE MISANTHROPE

'TIMON, now you're dead and buried, tell
me, since the truth you know,
Which is really more unpleasant, life above or
life below?'
'Life below is more distasteful; and—if I the
truth must tell—
'Tis because, though you survive, Sirs, there are
more like you in Hell.'

CALLIMACHUS

TO THE QUEEN OF THE ZEPHYRS

QUEEN of the Zephyrs' breezy cape! to thee
This polished shell, the treasure of the sea,
Her earliest offering young Selena bears,
Joined with the incense of her maiden prayers.
Erewhile with motion, power, and sense endued,
Alive it floated on the parent flood;
When, if the gale more rudely breathed, it gave
Its natural sail expanded to the wave;
But while the billows slept upon the shore,
And the tempestuous winds forgot to roar,
Like some proud galley, floated on the tide,
And busy feet the want of oars supplied.
Shipwrecked at last upon the Iulian strand,
It now, Arsinoë, asks thy favouring hand.
No more its vows the plaintive Halcyon hail
For the soft breathings of a western gale;
But that, O mighty queen, thy genial power
On young Selena every gift may shower,
That love with beauteous innocence can share;
For these, and only these, accept the prayer.

EPITAPH ON TIMON THE MISANTHROPE

HERE lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate;
Pass by; and curse thy fill, but pass, and stay not here thy gait.

SAON OF ACANTHUS

HERE lapped in hallowed slumber Saon lies,
Asleep, not dead ; a good man never dies.

ON SAON OF ACANTHUS

HERE Saon of Acanthus in hallowed rest doth lie—
Say not 'is dead': they fall asleep, the good; they do not die.

MYRTLE BERRIES

PURE was the way you chose to tread ; you seemed to miss renown,
For that fair path shall never lead to Bacchus' ivied Crown ;
And yet the names that heralds hail may live their little day,
Whilst Hellas gives you wisdom's wreath that shall not fade away.

ON A STATUE OF MARSYAS

NO longer through the Phrygian pines your
melodies may float,
No longer from the piercèd flute may sound your
magic note :
Touched by your hand, Athene's reed flowered in
song of yore,
Those flowers, O nymph-born Marsyas, shall
blossom never more.
Your hands are bound in fetters now ; to Phoe-
bus you atone,
Because against immortal skill you dared to set
your own ;
And though your flute was honey sweet as e'en
his harp could be,
Yet Death was all the prize you won, your Crown
of victory.

ON THE DEATH OF PYLADES

YOUR Hellas wailed for woe the day you died
And shore the flowing tresses of her head ;
His wreath of bays Apollo laid aside
For e'en a God may mourn a minstrel dead ;
The Muses wept, Asopus' babbling rill
Was hushed to hear the voice of their lament ;
In Dionysius' hall the dance was still
As down the iron path of death you went.

HOMER

THE visionary dream of life is o'er ;
The bard of heroes sleeps on Ios' shore.
Fair Ios' sons their lamentations pay,
And wake the funeral dirge or solemn lay.
O'er his pale lifeless corse and drooping head
Ambrosial sweets the weeping Nereids shed ;
And on the shore their slumbering poet laid,
Beneath the towering mountain's peaceful shade.
Nor undeserved their care. His tuneful tongue
Achilles' wrath and Thetis' sorrows sung.
His strains Laertes' son in triumph bore
Through woes unnumbered to his native shore.
Blest isle of Ios ! on thy rocky steeps
The star of song, the grace of Graces, sleeps.

ON THE EMPTY TOMB OF ONE LOST AT SEA

UNLOOKED woes the cruel Gods have sent
To old Thymodes ; a dear son he weeps.
To Lycus has he reared this monument,
Unknowing where the wave-tossed body sleeps.
For him no grave was dug with loving hand ;
No train of mourners decked his funeral pile.
His bones lie bleaching on a foreign strand,
On some far Thynian beach or Pontic isle.

DIONYSIUS

FAIR ROSE

HAIL, thou who hast the roses, thou hast the rose's grace !
But sellest thou the roses, or e'en thine own fair face ?

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FROM THE GREEK OF DIONYSIUS

A HYMN TO PHOEBUS

LET all wide heaven be still !
Be silent, vale and hill,
Earth, and whispering of wind and sea,
Voice of birds and echo shrill !
For soon amid our choir will be
Phoebus with floating locks, the Lord of Minstrelsy !
O father of the snow-browed morn,
Thou who dost drive the rosy car
Of day's wing-footed coursers, borne
With gleaming curls of gold unshorn
Over heaven's boundless vault afar ;
Weaving the woof of myriad rays,
Wealth-scattering beams that burn and blaze,
Enwinding them round earth in endless maze !
The rivers of thy fire undying
Beget bright day, our heart's desire :
The throng of stars to greet thee flying
Through cloudless heaven, join choric dances,

FROM THE GREEK OF DIONYSIUS

Hailing thee king with ceaseless crying
For joy of thy Phoebean lyre.
In front the grey-eyed Moon advances,
Drawn by her snow-white heifers o'er
Night's silent silvery dancing-floor :
With gladness her mild bosom burns
As round the daedal world she turns.

ON A LYDIAN SLAVE

A LYDIAN, yea! a Lydian slave, but in a freeman's tomb,
O master mine, thou laidest me, who wast my earliest care.
A long fair life without mishap be thine; but if thou come
Weighed down by years to Hades' home, I still will serve thee there.

ON A YOUNG WARRIOR

THEY bore him home to Pitane upon his shield,
Seven times smitten by the Argive spear,
With all his wounds upon his breast revealed ;
And, as his father placed him on his bier,
He said : ' I weep for cowards, not for you,
True son of mine, true son of Sparta too.'

ERINNA

THOUGH short her strain nor sung with mighty boast ;
Yet there the power of song had dwelling room ;
So lives her name for ever, nor lies lost
Beneath the shadow of the wings of gloom,
While birds of after days, in countless host,
Slumber and fade forgotten in the tomb.
Better the swan's brief note than thousand cries
Of rooks in springtime blown about the skies.

SAPPHO

DOES Sappho then beneath thy bosom rest,
Aeolian earth,—that mortal Muse confessed
Inferior only to the choir above,
The foster-child of Venus and of Love;
Warm from whose lips divine Persuasion came,
Greece to delight, and raise the Lesbian name?
O ye, who ever twine the threefold thread,
Ye Fates, why number with the silent dead
That mighty songstress, whose unrivalled powers
Weave for the Muse a crown of deathless flowers?

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

ANACREON

STRANGER, when passing by Anacreon's simple grave,
If through my works thou art to me indebted,
With beauteous wine this heap of ashes lave,
To glad these bones by pure libation wetted.
'Twas I who led the Bacchic feast of wine ;
In Bacchic harmony I found a place ;
And, e'en in death, uncheered by drink divine,
Shall loathe the fated home of all our race.

CORINTH

DORIAN Corinth, ah! where is that beauty which once was thy glory?
Where is thy garland of towers? Where are thy riches of old?
Where are the shrines of the Gods, the palaces famous in story;
Thy women of high-born race, and thy people in numbers untold?
No, not a single trace of thy ill-fated city abideth;
All hath been carried away in the clutches of ravenous war.
We, only we, can tell of those woes which oblivion hideth,
We the fair maids of the Ocean, the birds of the Isthmian shore.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

THE DEATH OF ORPHEUS

NO more, O Orpheus, wilt thou hold the oaks and rocks beneath thy spell :
No more entrance the herds of beasts which now no master know :
No longer wilt thou lull to sleep the roaring winds, the ocean's swell,
Nor calm the hailstorm's fury or the whirling wreaths of snow ;
For thou hast passed away : henceforth Mnemosyne's fair daughters
And Calliope thy mother fair, a singer sweet bewail.
Why mourn we for our sons who pass to Acheron's gloomy waters,
When e'en the Gods' almighty power can ne'er 'gainst Death prevail ?

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

THE BIRTH OF APHRODITÉ

TRIUMPH and boast of Grecian painter's art,
From Ocean's womb see Aphrodité start.
Oh, with what grace she waves her hands of pearl,
And wrings the dew from every clustering curl!
Athênê now and Hêra will confess
'Twere vain contending with such loveliness.

THE TEETOTALLER

A DRINKING SONG

THOUGH storm winds may rage when the Pleiads are low,
And tempests may roar, yet no terrors I know ;
The waters may crash on the rocks by the sea ;
The lightnings may flash, and not terrify me.
But the drinker of water 's the terror I dread,
Who recalls every word that the toper hath said.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

THE WATERMILL

LET your wheel-turning hands, lucky maidens, be still;
Sleep on, though Alectryo wakens the morn:
The water-nymphs now take your part at the mill,
And weigh down the mill-stones that crumble the corn.
How they flash from the wheels! how they thunder and roar!
How the axle spins round at the sound of their voices!
This age is become like the golden of yore,
When Ceres our hearts without labour rejoices.

SEA-BORN

THINK not to soften Eros' will,
By weeping you renew it.
His flame doth burn more fiercely still
The more that you bedew it.

Salt tears can never quench his fire,
Although a flood went o'er him,
Because the Lady of Desire,
An ocean Goddess, bore him.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

A FISHERMAN'S GRAVE

THOUGH I be dead the sea doth vex mine ear,
For 'neath the lonely rock that masks my grave
I hear the sullen murmur of the wave;
Oh fellow men, why have ye set me here?

No greedy merchant ship was mine and yet
Whelmed was my little boat: oh robber sea,
Though life, bare life, was all I sought of thee,
Grim death was lurking in my fishing net.

PINDAR

PIERIA'S clarion, he whose weighty brain
Forged many a hallowed hymn and holy strain,
Pindar, here sleeps beneath the sacred earth ;
Hearing his songs, a man might swear the brood
Of Muses made them in their hour of mirth,
What time round Cadmus' marriage-bed they stood.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

ANACREON

AROUND the tomb, O bard divine!
Where soft thy hallowed brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer pour his waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a spring refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount yield milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure;

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming.

ANACREON

AT length thy golden hours have winged their flight,
And drowsy death thine eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth.
She too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers—
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers.
Farewell; thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver,
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou with all thy soul didst give her.

BY A WAYSIDE SPRING

NYMPHS of the bubbling spring,
If here ye dwell,
Accept mine offering
And so farewell.

Tread with your lovely feet
This happy ground,
And water cool and sweet
Shall here abound.

A SEA-MEW

BELOVED of all the Graces all thy days,
Whose voice was like the halcyon's for delight,
Thou diest: spirit sweet and winning ways
Are lost amid the voiceless paths of night.

A LOVER'S SCRIBE

IT may be in the years to come
That men who love shall think of me,
And reading o'er these verses see
How love was my life's martyrdom.

Love-songs I write for him and her,
Now this, now that, as love dictates;
One birthday gift alone the Fates
Gave me, to be Love's scrivener.

LOVE'S PRISONER

DID I not tell you so, and cry,
'Rash soul by Venus you'll be caught!
Ah! luckless soul, why will you fly
So near the toils which Love hath wrought?'

Did I not warn you? Now the net
Has tangled you, and in the string
You vainly strive, for Love has set
And bound your pinions, wing to wing;

And placed you on the flames to pine,
And rubbed with myrrh your panting lip,
And when you thirsted given you wine
Of hot and bitter tears to sip.

Ah! weary soul, foredone with pain!
Now in the fire you burn, and now
Take respite for a while again,
Draw bitter breath and cool your brow.

MELEAGER

Why weep and wail? What time you first
  Sheltered wild Love within your breast,
Did you not know the boy you nursed
  Would prove a false and cruel guest?

Did you not know? See how he pays
  The guerdon of your fostering care
With fire that on the spirit preys
  Nursed with cold snowflakes of despair!

You chose your lot. Then cease to weep;
  Endure the torment; tame your will;
Remember what you sowed you reap;
  And though it burns, 'tis honey still.

LOVE'S DRINK

AH! Cup of sweetness, lasting joy is thine;
My love's own honeyed mouth has given thee bliss!
Would that she now would join her lips to mine,
And drain my very soul in one long kiss.

APRIL SHOWERS

THY love is like an April storm
Upon a false and fickle sea ;
One day you shine, and sunny warm
Are those dear smiles you shower on me ;
Next day from cloudy brows you rain
Your anger on the ruffled main.

Around me all the deeps are dark ;
I whirl and wander to and fro,
Like one who vainly steers his bark
'Mid winds that battle as they blow ;—
Then raise the flag of love or hate,
That I at last may know my fate.

A HARBOUR

COLD blows the winter wind : 'tis Love
Whose sweet eyes swim with honeyed tears,
That bears me to thy doors, my love,
Tossed by the storms of hopes and fears.
Cold blows the blast of aching Love ;
But be thou for my wandering sail,
Adrift upon the waves of love,
Safe harbour from the whistling gale.

SORROW WITHOUT HOPE

DOWN through the earth, down to the world below,
My tears, last token of my love, shall flow
To thee,—those tears which hopeless sorrow weeps ;
And on the grave wherein thy body sleeps
The stream of grief's libation will I pour
In memory of the love to thee I bore.

Dear thou art still to me among the dead.
Bitter, ah ! bitter are the tears I shed,
To Acheron a tribute, but an empty gain.
Where is the flower I look for all in vain ?
Hades hath snatched it from me. In the tomb
The dust hath soiled the blossom in its bloom.
O mother earth, clasp gently to thy breast
The child which hath within thine arms found rest.

BROKEN VOWS

IN holy night we made the vow :
And the same night that long before
Had seen our early passion grow,
Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever ?
And have I ever dared to rove ?
Did she not vow a rival never
Should shake her faith or steal her love ?

Yet now she says those words are air ;
Those vows were written in the water ;
And by the lamp that heard her swear
Hath yielded to the first who sought her.

CUPID THE GAMBLER

AS infant Love one morning lay
Upon his mother's breast at play,
He found my soul that stood hard by,
And, laughing, staked it on the die.

SPRING

NOW the bright crocus flames, and now
The slim narcissus takes the rain,
And, straying o'er the meadow's brow,
The daffodillies bud again.
The thousand blossoms wax and wane
On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough,
But fairer than the flowers art thou—
Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens cast your leafy crown
That my love's feet may tread it down,
Like lilies on the lilies set;
My love, whose lips are softer far
Than drowsy poppy petals are,
And sweeter than the violet.

LOVE THE SLAYER

SPARE, Cupid, spare for shame my suppliant Muse,
And give my love for Heliodora rest;
For by thy bow, whose winged shaft pursues
No other quarry now but this poor breast—
Die if I must, I'll leave a line to say,
'Stranger, this man did felon Cupid slay.'

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA

YE light-winged barks, that o'er the tide
Of Hellas' waters go,
Speed with your swelling sails of pride,
While northern breezes blow.

And if along the lonely shore
That fronts the Coan Isle,
My love may gaze the ocean o'er,
And sigh for me the while ;

Then tell her thus : 'Sweet, lovely maid,
All fickle is the sea ;
My deep love may not be delayed :
I come by land to thee.'

This message to my loved one bring,
And fair your path may be ;
For Boreas with his favouring wing
Shall waft you o'er the sea.

LOVE THE RUNAWAY

OYEZ! wild Love is fled!
Just now this very morning;
He got up from his bed—
Flew off without a warning.

He 's pretty in his tears,
Quick, shameless, chattering ever;
Wings in his back he bears,
Laughs slyly, wears a quiver.

I know not who may be
His father—none will own him;
Not Air, nor Earth, nor Sea,
Make any claim upon him.

He 's hated in all parts:
(Mark well what I am saying;
It may be for your hearts
E'en now his nets he 's laying).

Ah! there he is! and so
You thought I should pass by you?
You and your arrows—lo,
In Zeno's eyes I spy you!

LOVE THE BALL-PLAYER

LOVE plays at ball and throws to thee
The heart, my dear, that throbs in me.
Take thou his playmate, sweet Desire,
And let him fan the mutual fire.
Thou canst not then cast me away ;
The rules of Love forbid false play.

THE LOST LADY

SHE is stolen ! Who is there
That could do a deed so cruel ?
Who 'gainst very Love would dare
Raise a hand in deadly duel ?
Light the links ! Be quick about it !
Hist ! What footfall made me start ?
Heliodora's ! Who can doubt it ?
Back into my breast, O heart !

THE FAIREST FLOWER

WHITE violets blow, the daffodils
Come forth to greet the shower,
And ranging far across the hills
The lilies are aflower.

And now to every lover dear,
The fairest flower that blows,
Doth sweet Zenophila appear,
Persuasion's perfect rose.

Ye meads, why boast your tresses fair
And laugh at rivalry?
Sweet are the garlands that ye bear,
But sweeter far is she.

THE RULE OF THREE

THREE are the Graces ; the sweet Hours are three ;
And three the ladies of my love, for lo !
Three times hath Eros bent his bow at me ;
Have I three hearts that he should treat me so ?

THE LOVER'S WREATH

VIOLETS white and daffodillies,
I will twine with laughing lilies,
Sprays of myrtle, and withal
Crocus sweet and virginal.
Here the bluebell's purple glows
With the lover-loving rose,
Meet for Heliodore to wear
'Mid the love-locks of her hair.
Go, on my beloved's head,
Happy wreath, your petals shed.

THE LOVER'S WREATH

I'LL twine white violets and the myrtle green ;
Narcissus will I twine, and lilies' sheen ;
I'll twine sweet crocus, and the hyacinth blue ;
And last I'll twine the rose, love's token true :
That all may form a wreath of beauty meet
To deck my Heliodora's tresses sweet.

SPRING

STILLED is winter's gusty breath,
Now the spring awakeneth ;
See, she brings the blushing hours
Gay with laughter, glad with flowers,
And the sombre earth is seen
Robed in bravery of green,
While the teeming branches bear
Opening buds to deck her hair.
Nurtured by the dews of morn
Many a tender bloom is born,
And the meadows laugh and sing,
For the rose is opening.
Blithe of heart the shepherd swain
Tunes the merry pipe again,
While upon the mountain steep
Browse his goats and woolly sheep.
Gladly doth the mariner
Feel the gentle zephyr stir ;
Safely now his keel may glide
O'er the waste of waters wide.
Dionysus, now to thee
Mortals sing thine Evoë ;
Sound we thus the Vine-god's praise,

Crowned with clustered ivy sprays.
Now the bees in busy train
Ply their cunning art again ;
Ceaseless in the hive they toil,
Labouring with the new-won spoil,
Building up the waxen comb
In their myriad-chambered home.
Now the tuneful choir of air
Makes us music everywhere.
On the wave the halcyon,
By the sedgy stream the swan,
Round about the eaves the swallow,
Nightingales in every hollow
Tell the coming of the spring ;
Thus rejoices everything.
If gay raiment deck the earth,
And the shepherd pipe for mirth,
While the fleecy flock and herd,
Swarming bee and singing bird,
Join in gladness all agree ;
If the sailor trust the sea,
And the god of wine and youth
Lead the dance, in very sooth,
Can the bard from song refrain
Now the spring has come again ?

ZENOPHILA

THOU sleep'st, soft silken flower. Would I were Sleep,
For ever on those lids my watch to keep !
So should I have thee all my own ; nor he,
Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be.

THE END OF THE FEAST

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name !
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim !

Give me the wreath that withers there ;
It was but last delicious night
It hung upon her wavy hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light !
Oh ! haste, and twine it round my brow ;
It breathes of Heliodora now.

The loving rosebud drops a tear
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh.

THE MORNING STAR

FAREWELL, bright Phoebus, herald of the morn;
Yet soon in Hesper's name again be born—
By stealth restoring with thy latest ray
The charms thine early radiance drove away.

THE VICTIM OF LOVE

LOVE'S echo soundeth ever in my ear.
To love's desire the sweet, the silent tear
I shed ; nor day nor night I find my rest ;
But its enchantment planteth in my breast
That well-known mark. Ye wingèd Loves, ah
why
Can ye towards me, never from me fly ?

LOVE AND DEATH

SWIFT are the wings whereon you ride,
Swift are the shafts which leave your bow ;
Is there a place where I may hide—
A refuge in the world below ?
Nay, none ! For what would it avail
If I resigned this fleeting breath ?
In Hades' realm will Love prevail ;
For Love has conquered even Death.

UNDER THE PLANE

O TUNEFUL cricket, drunk with drops of dew,
That make the rustic wilderness to sing,
And with serrated legs and swarthy hue,
Perched on a leaf your merry measures ring,
Sing to the tree-nymphs, friend, another lay,
And let your harp-notes echo Pan's again,
That I may 'scape from love, and dream away
My noonday sleep beneath a shady plane.

A LOVER'S MESSAGE

TAKE her this message, Dorcas! Look ye, sweet,
Its contents twice or even thrice repeat.
Be off! Delay no longer! Fly, ay! fly!
No, wait one little moment ere you hie!
Why start before you've learnt it all? Now, you'll
Just add one word!—No, don't! for I'm a fool.
Suppress the whole! Still say—Oh, say it all!
Be sure you do, whatever may befall.
But why the devil I am sending you
I cannot think—I'm going to see her too.

THE REVELLER

LET 'S cast the die ! Light up ! I'm off ! Ho, Courage ! Courage, ho !
When a man 's drunk he cares for nought. A-revelling we will go !
A-revelling ? Yes ! Well, what 's my will ? Is love allied to reason ?
Light up ! Look sharp ! Philosophy is wholly out of season.
The tedious search for knowledge let 's consign unto the deuce !
One thing I know—'tis this—that love destroyed the pride of Zeus.

TO SCYLLA, A FAIR LADY

O BITTER wave of love, unsleeping wind
Of jealousy, and revel's stormy sea !
Ah ! whither am I borne ? Adrift 's my mind !
Does Scylla or Charybdis wait for me ?

BEAUTY'S WREATH

FROM Heliodora's brow the withered flowers fall;
But she is radiant ever, the fairest flower of all.

AMANTIUM IRAE

O NIGHT, through which I sleepless lie in longing vain
For one brief glimpse of Heliodora's form,
Does any remnant of her love remain,
And are my kisses on her cheek still warm ?
O for those quarrels that delight in tears,
Before the dawn, that thief of love, appears !

Do tears bedew her couch, and clasps she to her breast
Some shadowy dream of me to cheat her soul ?
Or is some other to her bosom pressed ?
Does some new plaything all her love control ?
Never, O Light, may'st thou such treason see !
Of her I gave thee charge, true guardian be !

STALE NEWS

O BEE who feedest on the flowers, why light
Upon my Heliodora's cheek and leave
Those buds of Spring to which thou'rt wont to cleave?
Wouldest thou show, by staying thus thy flight,
The sting unbearable of Cupid's dart
Is sweet, though bitter to a lover's heart?
'Tis 'Yes' you say!
Well, go away!
We've known that well for many a day.

HIS EPITAPH

IN Tyre, the island city, my childhood's years were spent :
In far Assyrian Gadara from Attic stock I sprang,
—Meleager, son of Eucrates ; I was the first who sang
Those songs wherein the joyous Muses went
Their rhythmic way with Graces hand in hand.
A Syrian I ? The world 's our fatherland ;
So marvel not ! Forget not, stranger, that
Confusion's self all mortal men begat.
In my last years I wrote this epitaph ;
For Age, we know, to Death is very nigh.
And when at last the dregs of life you quaff,
Then, then ! you'll dodder just the same as I.

A SECOND EPITAPH

TREAD softly, stranger, for among the good
The old man sleeps the sleep which is his right,
Meleager son of Eucrates, who could
Love, Muses, and the Graces all unite,
—Love, whose sweet tears bedew young lovers' faces,
With Muses fair and ever joyous Graces.
In Tyre the God-begotten and the land
Of sacred Gadara his youth was passed.
Cos, loved by Meropes, received him, and
Nurtured his years declining at the last.
If thou'rt a Syrian, Sir, 'Salaam' to you!
Or if Phoenician, I say 'Adieu!'
But if it happen that a Greek thou be,
I say 'Farewell'! Ah! say the same to me!

ALL THE WORLD!

GAZING on thee, sweet child, all things I see
For thou art all the universe to me.
But when thou'rt absent, to my vacant sight,
Though all things else be present, all is night.

A POOR MAN'S OFFERING

GODDESS of winnowing fan, and Seasons four
  Who walk the furrows of the well-ploughed field,
Hierônax giveth from his threshing floor
  A share of all his meagre land doth yield:
A little corn and pulse, an offering small.
Little he gives, but little is his all.

CONSTANCY

MY dainty queen's a sweet brunette
With softly curling tresses,
Her cheek than down is tenderer yet,
Her words are like caresses.

Hers is a voice whose gentle tone
Doth breathe a spell as mighty
As that from the enchanted zone
That girdles Aphrodité.

Her love she gives, nor asks reward,
And ne'er will I forget her,
O Cypris bright my vow record—
Till I shall find a better!

A CHOICE

TWO lady loves my heart beset,
Each bids me bow before her,
But Thermion knows not Cypris yet
And Demo doth adore her.

So if the one delight my sense—
For kind is she and tender—
And one command my reverence,
To which must I surrender ?

Nay, Thermion is the dearer prize,
For 'tis my wayward pleasure
To spurn the store that open lies,
And seek the guarded treasure.

WILD OATS

I HAVE loved and run riot like all the world—
Who knows not riot and love?
Through my heart the storms of passion have whirled,
The frenzy from heaven above.

Now away with it all! For the hoar-white hair
Is thrusting the sable away,
And a message is come and a sign to declare
'Tis time to be sober to-day.

I have had my season of frolic in youth,
And now that the season is past,
'Tis time to bethink me of wisdom forsooth,
'Tis time for reforming at last.

ARISTOPHANES

THE Plays of Aristophanes! around that work divine
Th' Acharnian Ivy's clustering wreaths in verdant glory twine.
What inspiration in the page! 'Tis Bacchus' self! what sounds
Of graceful poesy, which yet with dreaded wit abounds.
Genius of Comedy! how just! how true to all that 's Greek,
Whate'er in satire or in jest thy personages speak.

AESCHYLUS

HE who first raised to soaring heights the
tragic Muse's solemn song,
And clothed it with an eloquence which flowed
with current stern and strong,
Great Aeschylus, Euphorion's son, afar from
fair Eleusis' strand,
Lies in a grave which adds renown to Sicily his
foster-land.

TO ALCMAN

JUDGE not of men by monumental stones!
This simple tomb contains great Alcman's bones,
Leader supreme of pure Laconian song,
Who now in death has joined the glorious throng
Of Muses nine. But whether Lydian earth
Or Lacedaemon gave the poet birth,
Those two fair lands dispute with one another:
—'Tis a wise poet, sure, who knows his mother.

THE MYSTERIES OF ELEUSIS

E'EN shouldst thou live the quiet life, nor sail
The sea, nor travel on the land,
To journey unto Attica thou shouldst not fail,
And on Demeter's nights of worship stand
Within her temple. Thus of life's dull care
Thou shalt be free : and, when thou goest where
We all must dwell, thy spirit shall not quail.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT

FULL oft of old the islands changed their name,
And took new titles from some heir of fame ;
Then dread not ye the wrath of Gods above,
But change your own and be ' The Isles of
Love ' ;
For Love's own name and shape the infant bore
Whom late we buried on yon sandy shore.
Break softly there, thou never-weary wave,
And, earth, lie lightly on his little grave.

WINTER ROSES

WE roses that in Spring did blow
Do now amid the Winter's snow
Put forth a wealth of blossoms red ;
And thus with smiles of welcome greet
The birthday-morn of one so sweet
As thee, the bride so soon to wed.
If for the sun of Spring we wait,
We live ; but 'tis a better fate
To die on one fair woman's head.

HIS ALL!

FOR my lost wife I mourned; but still my grief
In hopes for my dear child had found relief.
Now of my child by jealous Fate bereft,
I'm robbed of all that erst to me was left.
Grant, Queen of Death, a sorrowing man's request,
And place my darling on her mother's breast.

THE VINE'S REVENGE

E'EN if thou eat me to the root,
I still, friend goat, will bear the fruit
Sufficient for a due libation
At thy impending immolation.

THE SINGING LOCUST

ATTIC maid! with honey fed,
Bear'st thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
Destined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,
Ye alike unfold the wing,
Migrate hither, sojourn there,
Both attendant on the Spring.

Ah! for pity drop the prize;
Let it not with truth be said
That a songster gasps and dies
That a songster may be fed.

EPITAPH ON THE SPARTANS AT THERMOPYLAE

THE sailor o'er the land, the man who walked the wave
By interchanging paths of land and sea,
The Spartan warriors faced and backward drave
With thrice a hundred spears. 'Tis meet that ye,
O Seas and Hills, should pay a reverence due
To men who vanquished him who vanquished you.

THE SOUL OF THE EPIGRAM

THE epigram of many lines does violence to poetic art :

You find not in the stadium a course which wearies you to death,

—A course which circles many times towards the point from which you start ;

Its race is run at topmost speed and taken at a single breath.

CARPE DIEM !

THOU sleepest, friend, but see, the beakers call !
Awake, nor dote on death that waits for all.
Spare not, my Diodorus, but drink free,
Till Bacchus loose each weak and faltering knee.
Long will the years be when we can't carouse,—
Long, long ! Up then ere age has touched our brows.

EPITAPH ON ARCHILOCHUS

HERE in this tomb beside the sea lies that
Archilochus who first
Dipped Satire's Muse in deadly viper's gall :
And stainéd Helicon with blood ; as well Ly-
cambes knew, who cursed
The fate which did his daughters three befall.
Tread circumspectly, traveller, if nigh his tomb
thou roam,
Lest thou disturb the fierce wasps who find in it
a home.

A BROKEN VOW

WHEN by the might of Cypris bright
I vowed to quit my dear
And from her side afar to bide,
The Goddess laughed to hear.

Well she divined my hapless mind
Would scarce endure a day,
But e'en as now would cast the vow
For winds to bear away.

I'll keep no more the oath I swore
To please the Gods above,
For who would die for piety
When he could live for love ?

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

THE FLOWER OF YOUTH

AWAKE, my sweet-breathed Isias, whilst 'tis time,
The flowers I bring will fade at dawn of day ;
Even so thy fleeting beauty at its prime
Will shine for one brief hour, and then decay.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

WORKS AND DAYS

ONCE, turning over Hesiod's page, I spied
All of a sudden Pyrrha drawing near;
So, casting down the book, 'Old man,' I cried,
'Your Works are dull on Days when Pyrrha 's here'.

A QUICK CHANGE

MEN loved the rich Sosicrates; but now that you are poor
No longer do they love you. How wonderful the cure
That hunger works! Menophila who used to call you 'Myrrh',
And 'beautiful Adonis'—Oh what a change in her!
For now whene'er she meets you she asks your very name,
And what your native city is, and whence on earth you came.
The truth of this small proverb you'll acknowledge in the end,
That those who have not anything, don't even have a friend.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

A RESTING-PLACE

FAIR are the laurels, fair the stream
Which bubbles forth beneath the trees,
And through the leaves no wandering beam
Of sunlight heats the western breeze.
No toil, no thirst, no heat shall jade
The traveller who seeks my shade.

TRUE PASSION

IT is not love to love a lovely face,
And take a shrewd eye's measure of desire ;
Love is to love where beauty hath no place,
To feel the kindly madness break in fire.
This, this is burning passion ; taste bestows
On all alike the love of comely shows.

A HANDSOME REWARD

THOU golden horned moon and ye
O glittering stars of night,
The clear-eyed nurslings of the sea,
Behold mine evil plight.

Where doth the sweet Aristè hide
Who left me lonely here?
For three long days the quest I plied
But cannot find my dear.

Yet if the witch my skill confound
I'll send for Cypris' pack;
For 'Silver' is the surest hound
To lay upon the track.

LOST

LOOK down, O golden morn, and starry fires,
Whom Ocean clasps caressing to her breast!
My sweet love leaves me lorn with fierce desires;
Eight days I seek my fairy east and west,
Yet still must search, and send, ere searching tires
The silver hounds of Cypris on the quest.

THE TOMB OF HIPPONAX

FLY, stranger, nor your weary limbs relax
Near the tempestuous tomb of Hipponax,
Whose very dust, deposited below,
Stings with Iambics Bupalus his foe.
Rouse not the sleeping hornet from his cell;
He loads his limping lines with satires fell;
His anger is not pacified in Hell.

THE BRONZE HORSE

YON horse of bronze with nostril wide,
With eye of fire and tossing mane,
Mark how he rears his crest of pride,
And pants to scour the distant plain
If in that mouth a bit there were,
If in that flank a spur were driven,
What speed, Lysippus, would be there!
For life thy master-hand hath given.

THE STATUE OF OLYMPIAN JOVE

DID Jove descend, and thus unveil
His form before the sculptor's eyes ?
Or Pheidias' self Olympus scale
To view the monarch of the skies ?

DIOGENES

THOUGH 'neath the hand of Time the bronze decays,
Not e'en Eternity shall dim thy praise ;
Who in thyself the simple life displayed,
And for mankind life's burden lighter made.

THE PROPHET

I KNEW it in your childish grace,
The dawning of desire ;
'Who lives,' I said, 'will see that face
Set all the world on fire ! '

They mocked, but Time has brought to pass
The saying over-true :
Prophet and martyr now, alas !
I burn for Truth—and you.

TO-MORROW

NEAR to my home I said, ' To-morrow's sun
Shall surely see my weary voyage done.'
But Ocean was my grave, and e'er the word
Died on my lips my course of life was run.

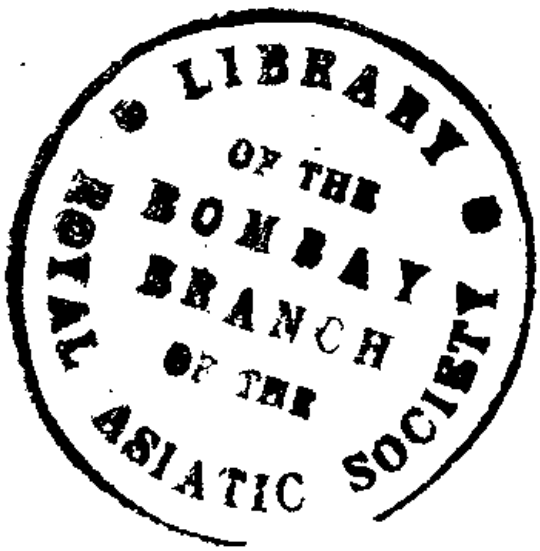
And since a little word brought death to me,
Say not, ' To-morrow this or that shall be.'
For not the lightest whisper goes unheard,
And Nemesis shall have her will of thee.

THE SONS OF OEDIPUS

THE sons of Oedipus should buried be
Far from each other, they, whose enmity
Death bounds not. On the last voyage they part,
Unnatural hate still living in each heart.
See e'en the flames at strife : the cloven fire
Soars in two angry points, though one the pyre.

THE EVERGREEN OAK

AERIAL branches of tall oak, retreat
Of loftiest shade for those who shun the heat,
With foliage full, more close than tiling, where
Dove and cicada dwell aloft in air,
Me too, that thus my head beneath you lay,
Protect, a fugitive from noon's fierce ray.



JULIUS POLYAENUS

HOPE AND DEATH

HOPE ever steals our life ; but at the last
There comes a morn when trouble all is past.

HOPE AND DEATH

MEN hope and waste much time thereon ;
Men die and leave much work undone.

THE LAST VOYAGE

FATHER, who ever, at mine often prayer,
Didst grant me sign of stormless voyage fair,
Grant now one voyage more, and safely keep
To that last haven where all sorrows sleep.
Country and home are sweet; but overstress
Of trouble is not life, but weariness.

LITERAE HUMANIORES

WHEN Mark the rhetorician died
Old Pluto made a fuss;
'We have a dog—that 's Cerberus,
He 's dog enough for us.'
'But if you still insist,' he said,
'You shan't be left alone;
I'll get you to employ your art
On hapless Ixion,
And Melito who wrote the songs,
And even Tityus too;
No torture I impose on them
Could e'er be worse than you.
A greater pestilence, indeed,
One must go far to seek,
Till Rufus the Grammarian comes,
That murderer of Greek.'

AN UNGROUNDED SCANDAL

SOME say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair :
Those jet-black locks you purchased at the fair !

THE WRITER OF POPULAR SONGS

EUTYCHIDES who wrote the songs
Has left the realms of day.
'Tis time that you who dwell below
Should haste to fly away.
He 's coming with his odes, he is,
And e'en a dozen lyres
He ordered to be burnt with him
Amid his funeral fires ;
And five-and-twenty boxes filled
With many a vulgar tune.
Yes, Charon's boat has crossed the stream,
You'll have him with you soon.
But where in future we shall go
I really cannot tell ;
The dead will have no refuge, with
Eutychides in Hell.

A TRIUMPH OF PROPHECY

TO my father the Astrologers with one accord
foretold
My uncle could not fail to live till he was very old;
But Hermocleides differed, and emphatically said
That he'd die young—but when he spoke, the
man, alas-! was dead.

UNLOVED

EROS, I pray thee to remove
Or else divide my pain ;
Either forbid me more to love,
Or make me loved again.

HIS HEAVENLY HOME!

'TWAS yesterday, Demetrius, you asked me in to dine;
I've come to-day; but don't be cross: the fault was hardly mine.
It took me hours to get to you; your stairs they never ended;
I gripped another ass's tail, and so at last ascended.
A heavenly body you've become. Zeus must have used this flight
When he took poor old Ganymede to heaven's starry height.
You'll never get to Hades now, so far away it be!
You're not a fool; you've found a way to immortality!

THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

CHARMUS ran a three-miles race,
Ran with five competitors.
He obtained the seventh place :
But how could he get it, as
Only six men ran ? Now, note
That a certain friend of his,
Running in his overcoat,
Cheered him onward, and that is
Why, as I have said before,
Charmus only came in seventh.
Had there been but four friends more,
He'd have surely been eleventh.

THE LIFEBOAT

PHILO had a lifeboat; but e'en almighty Zeus
Could scarce have voyaged in it, and lived the tale to tell.
In name it was a lifeboat; in fact the very deuce.
It landed all its passengers—but frequently in Hell.

THE PATENT STOVE

MY Heliodorus, thou hast bought a brazier
Colder than those north winds the Thracians know.
Don't blow! don't fuss! In vain a smoke you raise, sir;
'Twill cool your wine amid the summer's glow.

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE

YESTERDAY the Zeus of stone from the doctor had a call;
Though he 's Zeus, and though he 's stone, yet to-day 's his funeral.

A VALUABLE FORECAST

ONE day a certain party went
A journey with express intent
To ask a local prophet
Whether he should himself commit
To risk a voyage to Rhodes, or it
Were better to cry off it ;
And, if he faced the risk, how he
Might voyage with security.

The seer replied, ' Well, first, sir, you
Must travel in a ship that 's new,
And not put out mid winter's blasts,
But while the calm of summer lasts.
If this you do, you will not need
Insurance at a high rate.
You'll reach your port, unless indeed
You're captured by a pirate.'

THE LOVE WHICH DIETH NOT

AND shall I see thy beauty pass away,
Thou who hast borne with me life's joy and sorrow ?
If thou wast fair to me but yesterday,
Thou'rt fair to-day and wilt be fair to-morrow.

TIT FOR TAT

IF I kiss you, do you find
Wrong and outrage in it ?
You may punish me in kind ;
Kiss me then this minute.

CARPE DIEM

DRINK now and love, my friend, for mirth and wine
Cannot be always yours, nor always mine.
With every garland let us crown our head,
Nor leave them to be scattered o'er the dead.
Now let my bones the copious vintage lave;
Deucalion's flood may float them in the grave.

THE FIRST KISS

ONE evening, at the time we say 'Good night',
Sweet Moeris kissed me waking or in dreams.
Her words, her questions—those I know aright;
But that one kiss the sport of fancy seems.
For why walk I the earth if I was given
A gift which sure would raise a man to heaven?

THE GLORY OF BEAUTY

OH, how I loved, when like the glorious sun
Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
Thy beauty every lesser star outshone!
Now o'er that beauty steals the approach of night.
Yet, yet I love; though in the western sea
Half-sunk, the day-star still is fair to see.

FOOD FOR DOGS

LIGHT lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay,
That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

A STRANDED DOLPHIN

NO more to plunge through depths of bubbling sea,
Startling the finny shoals that downward float
Nor gambol to the reed-pipe's melody,
Breaking the billows round the fisher's boat!
Child of the foam! fair mermaids clinging close
Shall cross on thee to ocean's end no more:
Huge as the Southern Cape a wave arose,
And hurled thee high upon the sandy shore.

WINGED LOVE

OF charming Love 'tis vain to talk,
When he can fly, and I but walk.

A SEA-DIRGE

CRUSHED by the waves upon the crags was I,
Who still must hear those waves among the dead
Breaking and brawling on the promontory,
Sleepless; and sleepless is my weary head!
For me did strangers bury on the coast
Within the hateful hearing of the deep;
Nor Death, which lulleth all, can lull my ghost—
One sleepless soul among the souls that sleep.

HERACLEITUS

MY name is Heracleitus. Why vex me, ye untaught ?

I worked not for you, but for those who knew me well.

One man is as a countless host, a countless host as nought

To my contemptuous self—I say so e'en in Hell.

PLATO

WERE Plato not of heaven, I fain would know,
How did his writing make man's spirit whole ?
His son Asclepius healed the body's woe ;
He was the great physician of the soul.

THE DREAM OF IMMORTALITY

A MORTAL I, the creature of a day,
That well I know; but when the close array
Of whirling eddying stars I seek on high,
No longer touch I earth, but in the sky
A star among the Gods I seem to shine,
And feed on their immortal food divine.

THE COMMONPLACE OF MORTALITY

MORTAL are the things of mortals: they pass by; 'tis we who stay;
Or, if that is not the case, then put it just the other way.

ARTIFICIAL BEAUTY

YOU give your cheeks a rosy stain,
With washes dye your hair,
But paint and washes both are vain
To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil;
No labour will efface them;
You wear a mask of smoothest oil
Yet still with ease we trace them.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
Which though you much excel in,
You never can contrive to make
Old Hecuba young Helen.

HIS ONLY OFFERING

POSEIDON, and all ocean deities,
Lucilius, 'scaped from shipwreck on the seas,
Doth dedicate to ye who bade him live
His hair, for nothing else is left to give.

BRIEF LIFE

A CHILD of five short years, unknown to woe,
Callimachus my name, I rest below.
Mourn not my fate. If few the joys of life,
Few were its ills, its conflicts ; brief its strife.

TRESPASS!

PRIAPUS, by devout Actemon placed
Protector of his garden's weedy waste,
Warns all who are disposed to search for pelf
That there is nought to steal except himself.

LAWYERS

WHEN crows are white, and tortoises can fly,
Lawyers—in Cappadocia—may rank high.

LOVE AND WORK

WOE for the loveless lives! for passion-free
In word and work a man doth feeble things.
Mine is a sluggard soul; yet kenning thee,
Quicker than lightning forth I speed on wings,
So follow sweet desire, nor turn to flee:
'Love gives the soul her edge,' the wise man sings.

THE ASCENT OF WISDOM

AH! Helicon is great and steep, and weary its ascent; but thou
Mayst slake thy thirst from out the fount of Pegasis' sweet waters.
Steep is the hill of wisdom too, but, once arrived on its brow,
Thou shalt imbibe those pure delights, the gifts of fair Pieria's daughters.

AMPHILOCHUS

THE voice of great Amphilochus is hushed
within this tomb.
Ye orators can talk, for now at last *your* time has
come.

THE GAME OF LIFE

THE life of man is Fortune's sport,—
A ball, which now by wealth is caught,
And now by poverty,—in short
Rest it can never know.
Some, to the depths by Fate abased,
Are upward thrown and high upraised,
Merely to fall in headlong haste
From happiness to woe.

REST FROM PAIN

A BITTER prospect his who looks for death,
So he who dies doth e'en by dying gain ;
Lament not him who breathes his latest breath,
Death's pain once suffered, there is no more pain.

THE LAST FEAR

THIS is the curse of life to fear to die,
And death's chief gain in losing fear doth lie :
Weep not for him that leaves the life of men,
For death once dead there 's no more dying then.

THE BEGGAR

'TIS on Poverty only, but not upon me
That your insolence leaves any trace;
If Zeus were a beggar on earth, even he
Would share in a beggar's disgrace.

A GIFT HORSE

OLYMPIUS, you said you'd bring
A horse; why don't you do it?
'Tis a fair tail; but is that thing
A horse that 's hanging to it?

LIFE'S VOYAGE

LIFE is a risky voyage, for storm-tossed oft we make
More piteous shipwreck than upon the sea ;
Chance for our pilot on that voyage we take,
And so we often know not where we be :
Some borne to safety, some to ruin hurled :
All reach one harbour in that nether world.

HOARDED WEALTH

THOU gatherest wealth—what profit shall it be ?
Canst drag thy riches to the grave with thee ?
Thou barterest time for gold—hast thou the power
To heap up life, or buy one added hour ?

THE LAST WORD

YOU talk too much, O man, for soon
Beneath the earth you lie.
You can but die as you have lived,
So live as you would die.

A DRINKING SONG

WHAT though the fair should laugh at me
That I am past my prime ?
'Look in the glass,' they say, 'and see
The ravages of time.'

Though raven locks my temples grace
Yet Time will not delay,
He will not change his even pace
Because my hair is grey.

But here are woven garlands fair
And perfumes sweet are mine ;
Come Bacchus, come to banish care
And drown such thoughts in wine.

LOVERS' MEETINGS

FOR me it always is fair weather
When you and I, dear, meet together ;
But should I miss you on my way,
Ah ! then the day 's a rainy day.

TEARS OF LIFE

BORN with the shedding of tears, with falling of tears I die ;
Life I have found in tears all the length of my day.
O for the tearful, powerless, pitiful race of man,
Stormwise over the earth whirling and passing away.

EPITAPH ON A PHYSICIAN

WHEN Magnus went to Hades' home, old Pluto trembling said,
'Confound the man! he 's come for sure to raise the very dead.'

VANITY

NAKED I reached the world at birth ;
Naked I pass beneath the earth.
Why toil I then in vain distress,
Seeing the end is nakedness ?

REGENERATION

AS each night ends we come to being day by day,
Nor in our previous life we bear a further part ;
That life we lived but yesterday has passed away
And with to-day another life we start.
Speak not, old man, of years that weigh thee down ;
The present lives : the past is dead and gone.

THE PAIN OF LIFE

LIFE, save by death, how shall we fly from thee?
Thy cares are legion, hard to shun or bear;
Thy natural beauties, stars, and earth and sea,
The circling sun and moon, indeed, are fair.
The rest is pain and fear and discontent;
And, if some little joy to man be sent,
Yet must he surely in return await
A nemesis, a joy-avenging fate.

THE PAIN OF LIFE

HOW shall a man, O life, escape from thee,
Nor know death's pain? Ten thousand ills are thine,
And hard it is to bear them or to flee:
For though the face of nature be divine,
The circling sun and moon, stars, earth, and sea,
Yet all beside is only pain and fear:
And if some good befall us, 'tis the sign
That answering Nemesis is lurking near.

THE PAIN OF LIFE

HOW, save only by death, from thee, O Life,
can I flee ?
Thousand evils are thine, grievous to bear or
shun.
What though the beauties of earth be sweet, the
land and the sea,
Lovely the stars of heaven, lovely the moon
and the sun;
All is fear and sorrow besides, or if good there be,
Balance and vengeance of ill maketh it all
undone.

VANITY OF VANITIES

ALL things are laughter, dust, and nothing;
that 's the sum:
All things created from unreason come.

VANITY OF VANITIES

ALL is dust, and a mocking dream,
'All' and 'nothing' are just the same,
For nothing is, and the things that seem
Out of a mindless chaos came.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF LOVE

HERE 'neath the planes, with slumber o'er him creeping,
Love gave his torch into the wood-nymphs' keeping.
' Let 's quench the torch,' exclaimed the nymphs, ' for then
We quench the fire within the hearts of men.'
But lo ! the torch so heated all the waters
That now they draw them warm, do Love's fair daughters.

A PASSING KISS

I AM not fond of wine, dear, but if you'd have me sip
The flowing bowl too often, just touch it with your lip.
For if you touch it thus, love, sobriety 's all up ;
How can a man resist so sweet a bearer of the cup ?
The cup, too, is the bearer of a kiss which comes *from you* ;
The favour which you gave to it becomes, of course, my due.

VINTAGE SONG

TREAD we thine infinite treasure, Bacchus, the vintage sweet!
Weave we the Bacchic measure with paces of wildering feet.
Down flows the vast clear stream, and the ivy-wood bowls as they float
Over the surging nectar, seem each like a fairy boat.
Close we stand as we drink and pledge in the glowing wine—
No warm Naiad, I think, need kiss in your cup or in mine!
See o'er the winepress bending, the maiden Roseflower beams—
Splendour of loveliness sending that dazzles the flood with its gleams.
Captive the hearts of us all! straightway no man that is here
But is bound to Bacchus in thrall—to Paphia in bondage dear.
Cruel! for while at our feet he revels in bountiful rain,
Longing most fleet, most sweet, is all that she gives for our pain.

LOVE'S VIGIL

THE livelong night I mourn ; and when the day
A moment's rest hath brought,
Cheep-cheeping swallows drive sweet sleep away.
The tears start, welling from my wakeful eyes :
Again before my thought
Flitting Rhodanthe's image seems to rise.
Peace, envious chatterers, peace : it was not I
Shore Philomela's tongue ;
Mourn Itylus among the mountains—fly
To the wild cave of Epops, thither wing
And let me rest, not long,
Dreaming Rhodanthe's arms around me cling.

TROY

O SPARTAN, hold me not in scorn,
Others have shared my hapless plight ;
And thou of Asia, cease to mourn,
Thy cities know the Dardan might.
Although the foe has razed my home,
My queenly rank shall never cease,
For thou, my child, Imperial Rome,
Shall lay thy heavy yoke on Greece.

REST IN DEATH

WHY shrink from death, the parent of repose,
The cure of sickness and all human woes ?
As through the tribes of men he speeds his way,
Once, and but once, his visit he will pay ;
Whilst pale diseases, harbingers of pain,
Close on each other crowd,—an endless train.

THE ASTROLOGER'S FORECAST

THE farmer ploughed his land with furrows deep;
Then on the teeming earth he threw the seed:
'Augur,' he asked, 'what harvest shall I reap?
What crop and weather have the Fates decreed?'
The prophet laid his counters on the board,
And studied them again and yet again,
Then gave from out a mind with learning stored
This Delphic answer to the curious swain:
'If ample rain falls on the seed you sow,
And if no weeds among the corn appear,
If you avoid the risks from frost and snow,
If furious hailstones spare the budding ear,
If deer and other beasts should shun your field,
And nothing else should do you any harm,
I prophesy you'll have a first-rate yield;
But mark my warning,—locusts alway swarm.'

ARCHILOCHUS

UP now and watch thy mighty dungeon gate
With sleepless eyes, thou warder hound of hell!
Lycambes' daughters fled from life's estate
To 'scape the bard's devouring fiery spell.
The dead, then, trembling for his scathing hate,
Shall burst the bars of darkness where they dwell.

THE LAST MINSTREL

WITH Theodorus dead, hath died the last
Of all the mighty singers of the past :
Yes, all are dead and gone ; for in his breath
The breath of Music breathed ; and with his death
The art of minstrelsy hath wholly died.
All that was left thereof his grave doth hide.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG SCHOLAR

CRUEL is death,—nay, kind! He that is ta'en
Was old in wisdom, though his years were few;
Life's pleasure he has lost; escaped life's pain;
Nor wedded joys nor wedded sorrows knew.

ARCHILOCHUS

CERBERUS, though thy dread baying as of old
Thou givest forth among the feeble dead,
Fear thou that corpse which is but lately cold ;
To Hades home Archilochus has sped.
Beware the bitter spirit of his verse
Begotten of a yet more bitter tongue ;
There 's still some echo of the famous curse
Which at the powers which rule below he flung,
When the same boat conveyed o'er Acheron's waters
The hapless pair of old Lycambes' daughters.

DEDICATION OF A MIRROR

BEAUTY is Venus' gift, I own ;
But stealthy time removes it ;
So, Goddess, now thy gift is flown,
O take the glass that proves it.

A HERO'S GRAVE

A GREAT man's monument am I, but think
not I provide
A tomb so small as this in which a hero's corpse
to hide.
Earth blushed to bury one so great in such a
simple grave :
She heaped a cenotaph, but left his body to the
wave.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

E'EN if there be no trace of mirth
In the dead faces 'neath the earth
Of those who own thy sway ;
Yet, O Persephone, receive
This kindly laughter-loving soul ;
For laughter 'twas which did relieve
Thy mother's grief, when Pluto stole
And carried thee away.

THE SCEPTIC'S DEATH

'ART dead, O Pyrrho?'—'I'm not sure about it.'
—'But if thou'rt dead thou can'st not really doubt it.'
—'But still I answer that I am not sure.'
'Well, sceptic's doubts the grave is said to cure.'

THE GRAVE OF THE MISANTHROPE

WHO buried me when dead where three ways meet,
—Curse him, alike unburied and unblest!
Since o'er my corpse the tramp of passing feet
Robs me in death of death's eternal rest.

DEMOCRITUS

PLUTO, receive the sage whose ghost
Is wafted to thy gloomy shore;
One laughing spirit seeks the coast
Where never smile was seen before.

TOO TRUE TO LIFE

DEAR Shade! The painter makes thee live again:
Would he had failed, nor thus recalled our pain!

'TWIXT WIND AND WATER

HALL, shipwrecked corse! Accuse not from the grave
The ocean, but the winds that wrought thy doom:
They wrecked thee, while the gentle salt sea wave
Bore thee to land, to thy ancestral tomb.

THE DEATH OF MUSIC

WHEN Orpheus passed away he left the Muse
of Song alive ;
But when, O Plato, thou didst die, then Music's
heart-strings broke ;
For still did some stray echo of the songs of old
survive
In music which thy soul could make, thy
cunning hand evoke.

THE STATUES BY THE SPRING

THE lovely Graces hither came
And sought the waters cool,
When little Eros,—Fie!—For shame!—
Was lurking near the pool.

He stole their robes and ran away;
And here they still abide;
For shy and modest maids are they,
And dare not come outside.

INCONSTANCY

YOUR name, fair Constance, once I loved: but
you're inconstant ever,
And death with all its bitterness is sweeter far
than you.
You shun the one who loves you, but pursue the
backward lover,
Until he comes to love you well, and then you
shun him too.

MACEDONIUS

HOPE DEFERRED

'TO-MORROW come'—must I always hear
The sound of that dreary word?
'To-morrow' is never 'to-day', my dear,
And your only boon to my love sincere
Is the gift of hope deferred.

You are kind to others, but not to me,
And my heart is left to grieve;
Yet age and wrinkles are ill to see,
So think what the evening of life may be,
When you say To-morrow at eve.

THE OLD FISHERMAN'S PRAYER

AROUND his fisher's spear he tied his net,
Ceasing from toil upon the weary sea;
With silent tears his aged eyes were wet,
As, turning to Poseidon, thus spake he:
'I'm weary, blessed one, and nigh to death,
But poverty alas! is ever young:
So while a poor old man still draws his breath,
Oh, give him sustenance, my lord, but wrung
From out the land, and not from out the sea,
If, as 'tis said, of both thou ruler be.'

MACEDONIUS

MEMORY AND OBLIVION

THE good which I have done may Memory keep ;
The ill Oblivion in Lethe steep.
All hail ! Eternal Twain ! Ah, may ye be
Each in her part for ever kind to me !

MACEDONIUS

MEMORY AND OBLIVION

HAIL! Memory and Oblivion: to each we owe a debt
For the joys that we remember and the sorrows we forget.

MACEDONIUS

THE OLD MINSTREL

THERE hang my lyre. This aged hand no more
Shall wake the strings to rapture known before.
Farewell, ye chords! Ye verse-inspiring powers,
Accept the solace of my former hours!
Be gone to youths, ye instruments of song!
For crutches only to the old belong.

MACEDONIUS

ON A PICTURE OF PANDORA

PANDORA and the empty jar: a bitter jest: I wot
The wingéd blessings were to blame, but her I censure not:
So far they flew above the earth and fluttered to the sky.
But since the world had need of them, who gave them wings to fly?

See, as she stands behind the jar, how pale her cheek and wan,
Now hath she lost the grace of youth, her beauty all is gone;
And so the life of mortal men must share the twofold ill
That Time will never tarry and the jar is empty still.

AFTER PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

LOVERS' PARTINGS

I WAS about to say farewell,
But checked the word upon its way;
In indecision's halls I dwell,
And ever going, ever stay.

And so I leave the word unsaid,
For once it 's spoken, you are gone.
I dread that parting as I dread
The bitter night of Acheron.

You are to me the very light
Of day, and when from you I part,
I live in night,—a voiceless night,
And hear the beating of my heart.

I must remain,—I have no choice—
Enchanted by that love song sung
By thy sweet voice, that Siren's voice,
Whereon my dearest hopes are hung.

THE FLAME OF LOVE

LONG she delays ; the lamp is burning low ;
The flickering flame gives forth a feeble ray.
Would that the flame within my heart aglow
Were fated even thus to pass away !
Would that it ceased to burn me with the fire
Of that unending torture, love's desire !

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

VIRTUE AND FORTUNE

BE not elate with Fortune's whirling gale,
Nor under slavish apprehensions bend.
Through life, athwart the shifting winds contend,
And with incessant change its course assail.
Virtue alone is firm and changeless; she
Will bear thee o'er life's surges gallantly.

THE BONDMAN

SHE plucked a thread of golden hair
To bind my hands in merry glee,
And first I mocked the fetter fair,
Frail sign of brief captivity.
But ah! no might could set me free;
As triple brass the bond doth hold;
I follow where she guideth me,
Led by a single hair of gold.

ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

(*Sent with a pearl.*)

WHAT though your wandering feet
To a distant land should fare?
Borne on the pinions fleet
Of love I will find you there;
Flee to the dawn, if you will,
That hath love's own blush on her face,
Yet I will follow you still
O'er measureless miles of space.
Spurn not the gift that I bring
From the depths of the ocean caves,
This is the offering
Of her that was born of the waves;
This she sends you in token
Of grace more fair than her own,
For Paphia's pride is broken,
To you she doth yield her throne.

UNADORNED

A ROSE to me doth need no garland's grace,
Nor you, my queen, rich robes or jewels rare;
Your throat is whiter than the pearls you wear;
Set on your locks the richest gold is base;
Seeing your eyes, the bluebell hides her face;
Your mouth 's a dewy bud, but not so fair
A rose to me.

That breast the zone of Cypris should embrace,
But all these glories drive me to despair,
Save only your dear, gentle eyes—for there
The first faint ray of hope, which now I trace,
Arose to me.

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

THE EPITAPH—AND THE READER

MY name and country were—no matter what!
Noble my race—who cares though it were not?
The fame I won in life—is all forgot!
Now here I lie—and no one cares a jot!

THE EPITAPH—AND THE READER

MY name, my country—what are they to thee ?
What, whether base or proud, my pedigree ?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men ;
Perhaps I fell below them all ; what then ?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb ;
Thou know'st its use ; it hides no matter whom.

UNITED

HOW long must we two hide the burning gaze,
And look by stealth in one another's eyes?
Let us proclaim our love; and whoso stays
The sweet embrace that lulls all miseries—
The sword 's our doctor: best that you and I
Should live together, or together die.

THE LOVER'S POSY

I SEND a garland to my love
Which with my own hands I wove :
Rose and lily here there be
Twined with cool anemone,
White narcissus, dewy wet,
And the purple violet.
Take and bind it on your brow,
Nor be proud, as you are now.
As the flowers bloom and fade,
So must you too, haughty maid.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

BY a happy chance I spied
Prodiké alone, and kneeling
Clasped her knees, and faintly cried,
To my deity appealing :
'Save a man at point of death !
Give me back my fleeting breath ! '
Wept she as she listened to me ;
Then the gracious tear she dried ;
With her tender hand she drew me ;
Put me in the street outside.

THE GODHEAD OF LOVE

IF against both his bow he bends,
Then Love 's a God, say I;
But if to take a side he tends,
His Godhead I deny.

LOVE AND WINE

AGAINST Love's dart I arm my heart,
And reason is my shield.
I do not fear to meet with him
Alone upon the field.
Though mortal, yet I dare to set
Man's might against a god's,
But what if Bacchus join with love?
I dare not face the odds.

TWO EXTREMES

A LOVE too free is not for me;
A love too coy I hate:
The one's a boon that comes too soon;
The other comes too late.

LOVESICKNESS

WHY will Melissa, young and fair,
Still her virgin love deny?
When every motion, every air,
The passion of my soul declare,
And give her words the lie?
That panting breath, that broken sigh,
Those limbs that trembling fail,
And that dark hollow round the eye—
The mark of Cupid's archery—
Too plainly tell the tale.

EPITAPH ON CRANTOR

BELOVED of men, the Muses' dearest friend,
And yet of time he had but little share.
O Earth who hidest him, is death the end?
Or lives he still in gladness otherwhere?

PHEIDIAS' STATUE OF NEMESIS AT MARATHON

MY snowy marble from the mountain rude
A Median sculptor with sharp chisel hewed,
And brought me o'er the sea, that he might place
A trophied statue of the Greeks' disgrace.

But when the routed Persians heard the roar
Of Marathon, and ships swam deep in gore,
Then Athens, nurse of heroes, sculptured me,
The queen that treads on arrogance to be.
I hold the scales of hope; my name is this—
Nike for Greece, for Asia Nemesis.

FREE AMONG THE DEAD

SHE, when she lived, in nought but body was
a slave ;
But when she died her body too found freedom
in the grave.

A RUSTIC ORCHESTRA

I PRITHEE by the heavenly Nine, breathe music from the flute ;
My melody shall answer thine when I awake the lute.
Call Daphnis, too, the tuneful swain, whose pipe hath magic powers,
And he shall sound a tender strain to interweave with ours.
Come where the fern and ivy creeps to fringe the cavern dim,
Wherein the goat-god lies asleep—let music waken him.

THE SONG OF HEALTH

HEALTH, highest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest ;
For the short time by nature given
Be thou my constant guest.
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in royal state,
That makes men covet to be great,
Whatever sweet we hope to find
In love's delightful snare ;
Whatever good by heaven assigned,
Whatever pause from care—
All flourish at thy smile divine ;
The spring of loveliness is thine ;
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches and departs.

THE STATUE BY THE SPRING

WHO sculptured Love beside this fountain?—
Fool!
To think with water such a flame to cool!

A LONELY GRAVE

ACCEPT a grave in these deserted sands
That on thy head I strew with pious hands;
For to these wintry crags no mother bears
The decent rites, or mourns thee with her tears;
Yet, on the frowning promontory laid,
Some pious dues, Alexis, please thy shade.
A little sand beside the sounding wave,
Moistened with flowing tears, shall be thy grave.

THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES

MAKE me no common tomb; the whole Greek land
Shall be my grave; and on its crown shall stand
Those spears, the emblems of the Mede's defeat:
Such burial for Themistocles is meet.
Engrave upon its base the Persian host,
With Xerxes' name; and Salamis shall boast
My deeds—the mighty column of my fame.
No meaner tomb a hero's corse shall claim.

LOVE'S MEDICINE

POVERTY 'S a cure for love : if it fail, well,
Time 's another ;
But if neither of them prove strong enough its
flame to smother,
You can then without a pang
Let yourself and it go hang.

THE OLD GRAVE

STAY, ploughman ! stay thy hand !
In severing the dust that moulders there,
Thou ploughest through a grave.
Tears have bedewed that land :
And o'er the sorrow-moistened glebe may ne'er
The joyous harvest wave.

THE JESTER'S GRAVE

HADES is stern ; but when you died, he said
Smiling, ' Be jester still among the dead,'

FORTUNE'S PLAYTHING

OH! thank not Fortune, she but wished to show
Her might in raising one who stood so low.

HERMES OF THE WAYS

HERE 'neath this shelter, travellers, rest a while
Beside Lord Hermes, Guardian of the road :
Not all of you, but those on whom the load
Of toil and thirst lies heavy, many a mile
Of journey left behind ; for here the breeze
Is cool beneath this shade of rustling trees,
And from the rock below a streamlet flows,
Whose drowsy murmurings summon sweet repose.
Here, then, avoid the Dog-star's breath, and pay
Due honour to the guardian of the way.

THE SOUL OF PLATO

'EAGLE! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and star-ypaven home
Floatest thou?'
'I am the image of swift Plato's spirit
Ascending heaven: Athens doth inherit
His corpse below.'

UNKNOWN

THE SOUL OF PLATO

'WHY soar'st thou, eagle, high above this tomb,
And gazest upward at some starry home—
Some home divine upraised above the skies?'
'Though Attic earth holds Plato's earth-born clay,
His soul in me embodied wends its way,
And on these wings uplifted heavenward flies.'

AFTER AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR

REST AT NOON

HERE fling thyself upon the grassy mead,
O traveller, and relax thy limbs at noon :
For weariness is pain. Here listen to the tune
The cicala doth sing
With swift vibrating wing,
From the long travail of thy journey freed.

The stone-pine trembling in the Western wind
Will bring thee rest ; the shepherd on the hills,
Piping at noon beside the sparkling rills
Up there above the glade
Beneath the plane tree's shade,
Into the land of dreams shall charm thy mind.

Here shun that evil star's autumnal breath—
The Dog-star, star of bane, which brings men sorrow ;
And, having rested, climb the height to-morrow.
'Tis he, the hill-god Pan,
The constant friend of man,
Who speaks to thee, and thus he counselleth.

AFTER ME

NOW I am dead, be earth devoured of hell ;
I reck it not : with me the world is well.

THE DAREDEVIL

I'VE drunk sheer madness! Not with wine
But old fantastic tales I'll arm
My heart in heedlessness divine,
And dare the road, nor dream of harm!

I'll join Love's rout! Let thunder break,
Let lightning blast me by the way!
Invulnerable Love shall shake
His aegis o'er my head to-day.

EPITAPH ON A SINGER

THE minstrel's voice, a nightingale's in tone,
Is hushed within this little grave. Yes! she
Who once was famous lies a Muse in stone.
Ah! singer sweet, the dust lie light on thee!

LA CIGALE

WHY, ruthless shepherds, from my dewy spray
In my lone haunt, why tear me thus away ?
Me, the Nymphs' wayside minstrel, whose sweet note
O'er sultry hill is heard and shady grove to float ?
Lo ! when the blackbird, thrush, and greedy host
Of starlings fatten at the farmer's cost,
With just revenge those ravagers pursue :
But grudge not my poor leaf and sip of grassy dew.

UNKNOWN

ON A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

O SAILOR, waste not breath to ask whose
grave this tomb may be;
But get the Gods to grant thy prayer to sail a
fairer sea.

UNKNOWN

THE TOMB OF DIOGENES

'TELL me, good dog, whose tomb you guard so well.'
'The Cynic's.' 'True; but who that Cynic tell.'
'Diogenes, of fair Sinope's race.'
'What? He that in a tub was wont to dwell?'
'Yes: but the stars are now his dwelling-place.'

THE TOMB OF DIOGENES

'SINCE, O dog, this grave thou guardest, tell me whose the grave may be.'
'Tis a Cynic's, that 's to say, sir, just another dog like me.'
'What 's his name?' 'Diogenes, sir; he who from Sinope came.'
'He who lived inside a barrel?' 'Yes, indeed, sir, 'tis the same.
But he now, since his translation,
Lives inside a constellation.'

UNKNOWN

ON A NIOBE OF PRAXITELES

THE Gods they robbed me of my life, and turned me into stone.
Praxiteles made marble breathe, and gave me back my own.

ON A GRAVE AT MEROË

WHETHER within the Attic land you go to
meet your fate,
Or breathe your last at Meroë, the path to Death
is straight ;
So grieve not if afar from home you leave this
upper air ;
To him who sails the ways of death all winds alike
are fair.

UNKNOWN

EPITAPH ON A LITTLE CHILD

I HAD but sipped the cup of life, a little child, when Death
For good or ill, I know not which, deprivéd me of breath.
O greedy Death! Why so unkind? Why bear a child away?
Why make me pay so soon the debt which all alike must pay?

AN OFFERING TO PAN

TO Pan, the guardian of my narrow soil,
Who gave my fruits to grow, and blessed my toil,
Pure water and a votive fig I bear,
A scant oblation from the teeming year.
The fruit ambrosial in thy garden blushed,
And from thy rock the living water gushed.
Receive the tribute from my niggard urn,
Nor with thy bounty weigh my poor return.

HOW TO FORGET

HOW sprang I into being? Whence am I?
Why did I come, if 'twas not to return
To whence I came? How can I ever learn—
I who know nothing save that I must die?
From nothingness I came, to it I go.
Nought, wholly nought, is all the human race.
Ho, there! the wine of joy before me place,
That drug which is the antidote of woe.

UNKNOWN

PLUCK FLOWERS WHILE YE MAY

BRIEF is the rose's bloom, so cull
The flower while it blows;
For when its bloom has passed thou'lt find
A thorn and not a rose.

FLOWERS ON THE GRAVE

NO bramble sere shall ever grow
Upon thy grave—no evil weed;
The fairest flowers the earth can show
Shall strew its surface with their seed;
Violets and marjoram shall fill
The air around it with their scent;
Narcissus, lover of the rill,
Shall compass it, with roses blent.

UNKNOWN

THE MISER

THEY call thee rich ; I deem thee poor,
Since if thou dar'st not use thy store,
But sav'st it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

UNKNOWN

GRIEVE NOT FOR ME

WHY by my grave thus vainly do ye mourn ?
My lot among the dead it calleth not for tears.
Cease, spouse and children mine, from grief forlorn ;
But keep my memory in your hearts for years.

A WISH

O THAT I were some gentle air,
That, when the heats of summer glow
And lay that panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow!

O that I were yon blushing flower,
Which even now thy hands have pressed,
To live, though but for one short hour,
On the Elysium of thy breast!

THE LONELY YEARS

HIS wife within this rock did Marathonis lay;
Her marble coffin he bedewed with many bitter tears.
She left him all forlorn: ah! when a wife has passed away,
What has a lonely man to love through all the future years?

UNKNOWN

BERYTUS

AFORETIME 'twas our country lived, its dead who passed away.
Our country 's dead ; 'tis we are left to mourn its fate to-day.

A POSY

LOVE me, that love you so,
And I shall owe
To love a double due :
Hate me, and all your hate
Were not so great
As is my love for you.

ON AN UNHAPPY MAN

ATARSIAN, in my sixtieth year I died, as here you see.
I married not : my father did, unhappily for me.

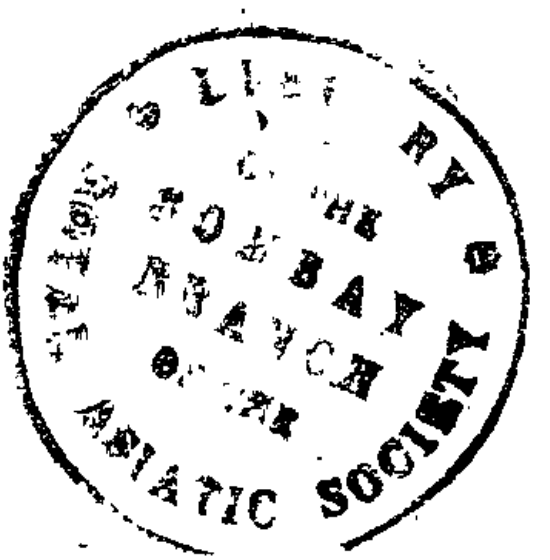
UNKNOWN

EURIPIDES

THIS marble is no monument of thine,
Euripides; thou mak'st the stone a name.
What though the tomb thine ashes here enshrine?
That tomb itself is circled with thy fame.

THE REED PEN

THE luscious fig hung pendent on the tree,
The clustering grape gave wine to fire and
cheer;
Meanwhile I grew, in staid humility,
A humble reed upon the wind-swept mere.
Man pierced my lips, and I became the slave
Of kings and poets, orators and sages.
With voiceless mouth I speak, and what they gave
I give in turn to all succeeding ages.



THE STATUE OF LADAS

'TIS Ladas, as with feet of wind
When o'er the course he flew,
And e'en swift Thymus left behind,
Each part to nature true.

In Myron's bronze again he lives,
Again the eager soul
For Pisa's chaplet pants and strives,
And fires the glorious whole.

Of hope each quivering muscle tells :
Mark but the straining hip,
The bosom that with ardour swells,
The hot breath on the lip !

Its stand no more the metal keeps,
But bounding from its base,
Forward to grasp the crown it leaps.
Art, thou hast won the race !

UNDYING MEMORY

THIS tomb in memory of thee, Sabinus, noble friend,
I raised, a poor memorial of a love that ne'er shall end.
Thee will I ever seek ; and thou, if 'tis allowed to thee,
Drink not from out of Lethe's stream oblivion of me.

UNKNOWN

SPARTA

SPARTA ! of old inviolate,
Untaught to bear the yoke,
Thy meanest foe is at the gate,
See how the watch-fires smoke !

On barren earth thy birds shall nest
And wait thy hapless fate ;
Vain is the gaunt wolf's hungry quest ;
Thy folds are desolate.

PURIFICATION

WITH hands washed clean, with truth of word and thought,
Enter ye here in soul and body pure.
One single drop the good can cleanse; but nought,
—Not Ocean's streams,—the foul of soul can cure.

THE BRIEF PRESENT

DRINK and be merry, for what of to-morrow ?
What of a future that none may guess ?
Haste is vain and shall bring but sorrow,
Labour is only a weariness.

Run the length of your mortal tether,
Give as you may and share as you can ;
But life and death they are close together,
So think the thoughts that beseem a man.

Life is a scale that is falling, falling,
Seize on joy ere it pass away ;
Die, and the chance is beyond recalling,
And others shall win what is yours to-day.

UNKNOWN

ON THE DEAD IN A BATTLE IN BOEOTIA

O TIME, who seest all and canst not die!
Let all men know why in this tomb we lie.
To save our sacred country we were slain;
And lie for ever in Boeotia's plain.

UNKNOWN

A FARMER'S GRAVE

DEAR Earth, take old Amyntas to thy breast,
And for his toils, not thankless, give him rest.
On thee the olive's stem 'twas his to rear ;
His with the mantling vine to grace thy year.
Through him thy furrows teemed with plenty ; he
Fed with rich streams each herb and fruit for thee.
For this lie lightly on his hoary head,
And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck his bed.

A BETTER WORLD

THOU art not dead, my Proté! Thou art flown
To a far country better than our own;
Thy home is now an Island of the Blest:
There 'mid Elysian meadows take thy rest:
Or lightly trip along the flowery glade,
Rich with the asphodels that never fade!
Nor páin, nor cold, nor toil, shall vex thee more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger on that happy shore:
Nor longings vain (now that blest life is won),
For such poor days as mortals here drag on.
To thee for aye a blameless life is given
In the pure light of ever-present Heaven.

LIFE'S JOURNEY

THE step of hoary Time is slow,
Yet upon us he ever gains,
And, once o'ertaken, we must go
To lands where silence always reigns.
Unseen himself, he hides from sight
The seen,—the unseen brings to light.

And we, subservient to his power,
We travel onward day by day
Towards the dark, nor know the hour
When comes the ending of the way.

PEACE

FATE and fond Hope farewell! I've found the port.
I've done with you! With other folks make sport.

YOUTH AND RICHES

YOUNG, I was poor; when old, I wealthy grew;
Unblest, alas! in want and plenty too!
When I could all enjoy, fate nothing gave;
Now I can nought enjoy, I all things have.

YOUTH AND RICHES

I ONCE was young and poor, Sir, I now am
rich and old :
In either case I've been the most unfortunate
of men ;
For when I could have used it, I had not got the
gold ;
And when at last I got it, I could not use it
then.

A PATRIOT'S GRAVE

THESE were the brave, unknowing how to yield,
Who, terrible in valour, kept the field
Against the foe ; and, higher than life's breath
Prizing their honour, met the doom of death,—
Our common doom,—that Greece might unyoked stand,
Nor shuddering crouch beneath a tyrant's hand.
Such was the will of Jove ; and now they rest
Peaceful, enfolded in their country's breast.
The immortal gods alone are very great,
And erring mortals must submit to Fate.

DESPAIR

WITH soul all sinless came I from my sires ;
Yet move I to destruction through my birth.
O deathful wedlock, doom of whose desires
Doth sweep me down to death beneath the earth !
From nought my being is, to nought retires.
Nought is the life of man and nothing worth.
Then fill me high the flashing cup whose fires
Perchance may bring my mourning into mirth.

THE SUM OF KNOWLEDGE

I WAS not, yet into being came ;
I was but yet I am not, all the same.
Of what I am or was that is the sum.
If any one the truth of this denies
I simply answer that the fellow lies ;
For me at any rate there 's nought to come.

A DEAD CITY

STAY not your course, O mariners, for me,
Nor furl your sails. Is not my harbour dry?
Nought but one vast forsaken tomb am I!
But steer to other lands, from sorrow free,
Where by a happier and more prosperous shore,
Your anchor you may drop, and rest your oar
Thus with the Gods of hospitality;
Thus with Poseidon—who may dare rebel?
Thus, wanderers by sea and land, farewell!

'TWIXT TRAGEDY AND FARCE

THE life of man, O Heraclitus, calls for pity more
Than when you lived, and, living, did life's emptiness deplore.
The life of man, Democritus, you now would more deride
Than when you lived, and living, all life's seriousness denied;
And looking back on both of you, I halt in doubt between
Your laughter and your tears,—in truth, I long to find a mean.

UNKNOWN

THE PHAEDO OF PLATO

IF Plato wrote me not, two Platos then there were;
To pure Socratic dialogue belong the flowers I bear.
He reckoned me a bastard, Panaetius did, but I
Reck little of his reckoning, who said the soul shall die.

UNKNOWN

PLATO

GREATEST in Attic eloquence, than thine
No greater name, philosopher divine,
Is in Hellenic literature contained.
'Twas thou who first to God and heaven strained
Thine eyes, and, upward gazing, didst discern
That purer life that men had yet to learn.
Socratic humour, tempering Samian pride,
Left undecided what man can't decide.

UNKNOWN

ANACREON'S GRAVE

THIS is Anacreon's tomb, O Stranger: pass not by
Without libation; fond of wine was I;

UNKNOWN

A LOVER'S WISH

OH! would I were a red, red rose
That I might be caressed
Upon that fair abode of snows,
Those hills upon thy breast.

LOVE UNDYING

WHETHER, my queen, I see thee shine
With raven locks or silvering hair,
That peerless beauty which is thine
Both is, and must be ever there.
Among thy tresses, e'en when grey,
The light of love will ever play.

MENANDER

IN the Garden of the Muses are many flowers fair;
'Twas to thy lips, Menander, that the bees their honey bare;
And 'twas to thee, O poet, that the Graces' selves did give
That gift of words which made creations born of fancy live.
Thou art become immortal; and thine immortality
Exalts the fame of Athens to the clouds of heaven on high.

UNKNOWN

THE SAVOUR OF LOVE

TO thee I send sweet myrrh, my love, doing
myrrh, not thee, a favour;
'Tis thou who giv'st its scent to myrrh, not
myrrh which gives to thee thy savour.

THE WIND OF LOVE

OH! would I were the wind, that thou,
When walking where the sea-waves break,
Might bare to me thy breast, and so
My breath within thy bosom take!

UNKNOWN

THE FLAME OF LOVE

WOULD you add flame to fire, you there! who long
To kindle the fair lamp of love by night?
Come, from my soul the kindling take, for strong
Is the fierce flame within that soul alight.

UNKNOWN

THE DIVINE EPIC

WHO told the tale of Troy in deathless song,
And gave to fame Ulysses' wanderings long?
His name I cannot find. O Zeus divine!
Does Homer claim a glory which is thine?

JUSTICE IS DEAF

TWO deaf men once went to law,
But the judge by all consent
Was still deafer. Plaintiff swore
T'other owed him five months' rent.
The defendant said in answer
That he was within his right.
'For', he urged, 'I surely can, sir,
Grind my corn by candlelight.'
'Why thus fight with one another?'
Said the judge, as on the two
He gazed kindly: 'She 's your mother;
So support her both of you.'

LONG NOSES

PROCLUS can't wipe his nostrils when he pleases,
His nose so long is, and his arm so short;
Nor ever cries, 'God bless you!' when he sneezes;
He cannot hear so distant a report.

SECOND MARRIAGE

HE that has married once and marries yet again
Is like a shipwrecked man who once more tempts the main.

THE ROAD TO RUIN

KEEP open house; dabble in bricks and mortar
Of all the roads to ruin, none is shorter.

UNKNOWN

A PHYSICIAN'S EPITAPH

HERE lies great Oreibasius, now dead,
Who many a victory over death had won.
Fate feared him so, she often left the thread
Of life half-spun.

A RIDDLE

SIX hours at most to toil a man should give ;
And on the rest are written, 'Live! ay, Live!'

A RIDDLE

IF, of the hours that make the day,
Eleven I devote to play,
To work another six, I,
Assuming hours of sleep don't count,
Can state precisely their amount
By simply saying 'VIXI'.

UNKNOWN

THE TARGET OF LOVE

WHEN you shoot your arrows, Venus, aim
them at some target new ;
My poor body will not hold them ; it is riddled
through and through.

UNKNOWN

MODEST SURPRISE

WHEN Venus saw her statue fair in Cnidos,
she exclaimed,
'Dear! dear! when did Praxiteles see *me* so
unashamed?'

THE PETRIFYING SPRING

SWEET is the draught of water cool
  This fountain doth provide ;
But he who drinks becomes a fool
  With senses petrified.

UNKNOWN

A NURSERY RHYME

HUMPY tortoise, what do you here ?
I'm weaving the wool and the thread, my dear.
What of your grandson, and how died he ?
White horses have carried him out to sea.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

1. GREEK AUTHORS

AESOPUS is of the Byzantine age.

AGATHIAS flourished about A.D. 536 at Myrina in Aeolia. He was a Byzantine historian as well as a poet.

ALCAEUS flourished about 612 B.C. in Mitylene. He was the earliest of the Aeolian lyric poets, and gave his name to the alcaic metre. His contributions to the Anthology are chiefly drinking songs (scolia).

ALPHEUS of Mitylene lived in all probability about the time of the Christian era.

AMMIANUS flourished in the earlier half of the Second Century after Christ.

ANACREON was a native of Teos, an Ionian city of Asia Minor. He flourished about 540 B.C. He lived later in Samos under the patronage of Polycrates; and later still at Athens under the tyrant Hipparchus. From his poems and from the tradition of him which survived, he appears to have been a voluptuary. Some of the poems attributed to him seem to be of doubtful authenticity.

ANTIPATER of Sidon flourished about 100 B.C.

ANTIPATER of Thessalonica lived in the latter part of the reign of Augustus.

ANTIPHILUS of Byzantium lived in the reign of Nero.

ANYTÉ was of Tegea in Arcadia. She flourished about 700 B.C.

APOLLONIDES seems to have lived in the reign of Tiberius.

ARCHIAS was the A. Licinius Archias who flourished in the century before Christ. He was a friend of Lucullus. He was accused of assuming the Roman citizenship illegally, and was defended by his friend Cicero. It is doubtful whether the epigrams preserved under his name were really written by him.

ARCHILOCHUS of Paros flourished about 720–676 B.C. He was the first Greek poet who composed Iambic verses according to fixed rules. He shows great bitterness towards his native island, probably because he had been driven out of it in consequence of political disturbances. He was betrothed to a daughter of Lycambes, but her father withdrew his consent to the marriage. The poet therefore attacked the family in some very bitter verses, with the result that the three daughters of Lycambes hanged themselves. Despite its bitterness, the excellence of his poetry was undoubted, and the later world, while condemning his sentiments, regarded him as one of the greatest poets of antiquity.

ARIPHRON of Sicyon is of unknown date.

ASCLEPIADES of Samos lived in the Second Century B.C.

BIANOR of Bithynia lived in the first half of the century after Christ.

BION of Smyrna was a Bucolic poet.

CALLIMACHUS was a celebrated Alexandrian grammarian and poet who flourished about 250 B.C. He was librarian of the famous library at Alexandria. About seventy-two of the epigrams in the Anthology are from his pen.

CARPHYLLIDES lived probably in the Second Century after Christ.

CLEOBULUS of Rhodes lived about 580 B.C.

CRATES may be, but probably is not, the poet of the Old Comedy who lived in the latter half of the Fifth Century B.C.

CRINAGORAS of Mitylene lived in the days of Augustus.

DAMAGETUS flourished about 200 B.C.

DAMASCIUS was a celebrated Syrian philosopher of the reign of Justinian who flourished about A.D. 520.

DEMODOCUS lived certainly before 350 B.C. Nothing more is known of him.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS, a Cilician, is of the Second Century after Christ. He wrote a celebrated history of philosophy.

DIONYSIUS of Cyzicus lived in the Second Century before Christ.

DIOSCORIDES lived at Alexandria in the Second Century B.C.

DIOTIMUS lived probably in the Third Century B.C.

ERINNA is said to have been a contemporary and friend of Sappho, in which case she flourished about 600 B.C. But another tradition places her two centuries later.

EVENUS, a contemporary of Socrates, lived in the latter part of the Fifth Century before Christ.

GAETULICUS is very doubtfully identified with Cn. Lentulus Gaetulicus, the Legate of Upper Germany, who was executed on suspicion of conspiracy under Claudius in A.D. 39.

GEMINUS' life-history is unknown.

GLAUCUS of Nicopolis lived in the Second Century A.D.

GLYCON flourished probably in the Third or the Fourth Century A.D.

GREGORIUS of Nazianzus was Bishop of Constantinople, A.D. 380–390.

HEGESIPPUS may possibly be the poet of the New Comedy who flourished about 300 B.C.

HERACLEITUS, the author of certain verses in the Anthology, cannot be the celebrated Ionian philosopher who is mentioned in some of the poems of the collection. More than this cannot be said.

HERMOCREON lived probably in the Second Century B.C.

ION is of uncertain identity.

JULIANUS flourished from about A. D. 500 onwards. He was praefect of one of the divisions of Egypt.

JULIUS POLYAENUS seems to have been an official at Corinth in the century after Christ, in the reign of the Emperor Nero.

LEONIDAS of Tarentum seems to have lived in the Third Century before Christ. He is represented by more than one hundred verses in the Anthology. Many of his poems refer to seafaring life, which suggests that he himself had some connexion with it.

LEONTIUS was an imperial official who flourished from about A. D. 500 onwards.

LUCIANUS is the well-known author of the *Dialogues of the Dead* and other works. He was born at Samosata on the Euphrates about A. D. 120.

LUCILIUS lived at Rome under Nero in the century after Christ.

MACCIUS lived probably in the First Century A. D.

MACEDONIUS was consul in the reign of Justinian. He lived, therefore, from about A. D. 500 onwards.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS lived probably in the First Century A. D.

MARIANUS flourished about A. D. 500.

MELEAGER was born at Gadara, near the Sea of Galilee in Palestine. He lived in the century before Christ. In later life he lived

at Cos. It is quite clear from the two epitaphs which he wrote for himself that he resented the fate which had ordained that he should be born outside the limits of Greece. He was the first to make a collection of Greek lyrics and epigrams in an anthology. He is perhaps the most beautiful writer of love-songs in antiquity. The humour of the tragi-comic appealed to him.

MIMNERMUS was probably a native of Smyrna who lived about 650–600 B.C. He is mentioned in the poems of Solon, of whom he was a contemporary.

MNASALCAS of Sicyon lived in the Third Century before Christ.

NOSSIS lived in the earlier half of the Third Century B.C. The date is determined by the epitaph on Rhintho of Syracuse.

ONESTUS is of unknown date.

PALLADAS of Alexandria is the author of a very large number of epigrams in the Anthology. He flourished *circa* A.D. 400. He was one of the last champions of paganism in its struggle with Christianity.

PARMENIO of Macedon flourished about the time of Augustus.

PARRHASIUS lived about 400 B.C. He was an Ephesian, and was one of the most celebrated painters of his time.

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS lived between A.D. 500–600. He was, as his name implies, a high

official at the Byzantine court. His contributions to the Anthology are the best of those of any author of the Byzantine age.

PHILEMON was probably one of the two poets, father and son, of the New Comedy who flourished in the latter part of the Fourth and the earlier part of the Third Century before Christ.

PHILETAS lived in the latter part of the Fourth Century B.C., a contemporary of Alexander the Great. He was famous both as an elegiac poet and as a commentator on Homer.

PHILIPPUS of Thessalonica flourished under Nero in the First Century A.D. He comes next in order to Meleager as a compiler of an anthology of epigrams.

PHILODEMUS was, like Meleager, born in Gadara, on the Sea of Galilee. He was an Epicurean philosopher who lived and was well known in Rome in the time of Cicero. Both Cicero and Horace refer to him.

PLATO, though appearing as the name of one poet in the Anthology, is almost certainly the name of several contributors to the collection. Some of the poems under this name are no doubt compositions of the great philosopher; but others are the work of other Platos of later date.

POSIDIPPUS seems to have lived in the Third Century B.C.

PTOLEMAEUS is the celebrated astronomer and geographer of Alexandria.

RUFINUS was an official of the Byzantine court who flourished *circa* A. D. 500–550.

SAPPHO of Mitylene was with Alcaeus a great leader of the Aeolian school of poetry. She was celebrated as one of the greatest poets of antiquity. The poems attributed to her in the Anthology are of doubtful authorship.

SIMMIAS, a poet of the Alexandrian school who flourished about 300 B. C.

SIMONIDES, one of the earliest and perhaps the greatest of the pure epigrammatists. He was a native of Ceos. He was born in 556 B. C. He lived in Athens under the patronage of the tyrant Hipparchus, and later in Thessaly under the great family of the Aleuadae. His latest years were passed at the court of Hiero of Syracuse. He was largely employed by various Greek states to write the epitaphs of those who fell in the great battles of his time.

STRATO of Sardes lived in the Second Century A. D. He collected an edition of the Anthology.

TERENTIUS, the writer in the Anthology, is of uncertain date.

THEAETETUS is of Justinian's age, *circa* A. D. 500–550.

THEOCRITUS of Syracuse lived in Alexandria about 250 B. C., and later in Syracuse. He is the well-known poet. It is very doubtful whether the majority of the verses ascribed to him in the Anthology were written by him.

THEODORUS' identity is quite uncertain.

THUCYDIDES is the historian, but the verses attributed to him are almost certainly not his.

TYMNES, lived probably in the Second Century B.C.

[Those who wish for further biographical details, will find them in Mr. Mackail's edition of the Anthology. I am indebted to that work for some of the details which I have given.]

2. COMPOSERS OF ENGLISH VERSIONS

BLAND, ROBERT, b. 1779, d. 1825.

BURGON, JOHN WILLIAM, at one time Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. The well-known Dean Burgon.

BUTLER, ALFRED JOSHUA, D.Litt. Oxon., Fellow, Bursar, and formerly Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. His versions are published in *Amaranth and Asphodel* (Kegan Paul).

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, the poet, b. 1777, d. 1844.

CORY, WILLIAM, author of *Ionica*, b. 1823, d. 1892.

COWPER, WILLIAM, the poet, b. 1731, d. 1800.

CROMER, EARL OF, the great British 'proconsul' in Egypt. His versions are contained in *Paraphrases and Translations from the Greek* (Macmillan).

DRYDEN, JOHN, the poet, b. 1631, d. 1700.

ELTON, CHARLES ABRAHAM, b. 1778. At one time Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

FARLEY, THOMAS, at one time Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

FAWKES, FRANCIS, b. 1721, d. 1777.

GRAVES, RICHARD, b. 1715, d. 1804.

HEADLAM, W., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

HODGSON, FRANCIS, at one time Provost of Eton College, b. 1781, d. 1852.

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH, the well-known author, b. 1784, d. 1859.

LANG, ANDREW, the well-known author. His versions are for the most part contained in *Grass of Parnassus* (Longmans).

MERIVALE, CHARLES, at one time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

MERIVALE, JOHN HERMAN, b. 1779, d. 1844; father of the above Charles Merivale.

MOORE, THOMAS, the famous Irish poet, b. 1779, d. 1852.

MURRAY, GILBERT, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.

POTT, J. ARTHUR, Keble College, Oxford; Goodrich House, Ross, Herefordshire. His published versions are contained in *Greek Love-Songs and Epigrams* (Kegan Paul).

ROGERS, THOMAS PERCIVAL, at one time Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

ROUSE, W. H. D., Litt.D., Cambridge, formerly Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, now

Head Master of the Perse School, Cambridge. His versions are contained in *An Echo of Greek Song* (J. M. Dent & Sons).

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, the poet, b. 1792, d. 1822.

SMITH, GOLDWIN, at one time Fellow of University College, Oxford, d. 1910. The celebrated Oxford Professor, who passed his later life in Canada.

SMYTH, PHILIP, *floruit* 1789.

STERLING, JOHN, b. 1806, d. 1844.

SWIFT, EDMUND L., *floruit* 1798.

SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON, the well-known man of letters. His versions are contained partly in his work on the Greek poets, partly in *Rhaetica*, a privately printed volume.

SYMONDS, DR. J. A., father of the above.

DE TEISSIER, GEORGE FREDERICK, at one time Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

WELLESLEY, HENRY, at one time Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford.

WOOTTEN, AUBREY, Oriel College, Oxford; Barrister.

WRANGHAM, FRANCIS, b. 1770, d. 1843.

[In the case of some of the authors of versions I have been unable to get any information concerning them. In the case of a few others, the identity is so uncertain that I am afraid of making any statement about them.]

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